

THE AUSTRALIAN Women's Weekly

January 1, 1975

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**Susan Peacock
v. Bobby Riggs**

**YOUR STARS
FOR 1975**

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JANUARY 1, 1975
Vol. 42, No. 31

OUR COVER

Susan Peacock, wife of
Liberal MP Mr. Andrew
Peacock, is getting all the
tennis practice she can
now that she's accepted a
challenge from former
American tennis cham-
pion Bobby Riggs for a
match at Kooyong, Mel-
bourne, on January 4.
Mrs. Peacock was limber-
ing up on a neighbor's
court when Don McPhed-
ran photographed her.
More about the big match
page 7.

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THE FIRST WOMAN IN THE RACE

"I hear they're laying 100-1 against me in Edinburgh. If that's the case, I'll be backing myself with a pound or two. It's as good an incentive as any," says Rowena Allsop, the runner from Melbourne who has set out to catch the men.



Rowena Allsop training in the busy streets of London's West Kensington, for the British foot-running classic, the Powderhall Handicap.

Pictures by David Graves

THE platinum-blond head, like a bobbing beacon in the blue-black gloom of a December afternoon, belonged to Rowena Allsop.

The 20-year-old sprinter from Melbourne was doing her daily roadwork round the streets of busy West Kensington, London, pacing herself against buses, trucks and taxis.

Everyone seemed to have got to know her: the drivers, the conductors, the shopkeepers, the publicans, the police patrols.

"Good morning, Rowena."

"Keep it up, Rowena."

"Go for your life, Rowena."

"Next stop Wagga Wagga, Rowena."

To the cheerful banter, Rowena always flashed a bright smile — arguably the brightest smile in athletics,

which is often a dour, humorless contest of human frailty against the relentless clock.

Rowena thinks athletics is fun, but she would have been forgiven for adopting a more poker-faced attitude to her Kensington roadwork.

For she was training to be the first woman to compete against a field of professional male runners in the Powderhall Handicap — Britain's equivalent of Australia's Stawell Gift.

theory every one of the runners has an equal chance at the start.

"That's theory, of course. But when you look at the odds they're offering, it's obvious there's more to it than theory. I hear rumors they're laying 100-1 against me up in Edinburgh."

"If that's the case, I'll be in there backing myself with a pound or two. It's as good an incentive as any."

How did this shapely, pretty, vivacious student

By LARRY BOYS,
of our London staff

"I'm a professional sprinter," she said. "I'm in it for the money and if I get a favorable handicap, there's no reason at all why I shouldn't win or get a place."

"That's the great thing about professional running. The handicapping is scrupulously fair, and in

teacher become a professional runner?"

"It's the old story," she said. "I fell foul of the authorities, like many another Australian athlete before me. A friend of mine who had a sports goods shop displayed a picture of me in his window. I think I was

kissing him goodbye at the airport or something harmless."

"So the weary wowsers who run Australian athletics decided I'd used my picture for advertising purposes and had therefore infringed and forfeited my amateur status."

Her face lit up and she tossed her head. "But you know what? It's surprising how warm out-in-the-cold can be. I've met some helpful, generous, lovable people in professional athletics, people not nearly so self-centred as the lily-white amateurs."

"I'm on leave from Coburg Teachers College and came to London under my own steam. And you know what it's like getting decent accommodation in London. It's sheer horror. Ask any Australian girl over here on a working holiday."

"Yet here I am sharing this lovely spacious flat with a sweet English girl I'd never met in my life."

"You see, during World War II my father was over here flying Hudson bombers."

"That was long before I was born, yet when Daddy wrote that I was coming over, this English chap who used to fly with him let me have this flat to share with his daughter. I think that's marvellous, don't you?"

"And all the English and Scottish Press and television people have given me tremendous publicity and I've been asked to do some commercials."

"It's all so exciting and rewarding."

One of Britain's giant brewing concerns is sponsoring Rowena's assault on the Powderhall Handicap, and



TOP LEFT: Rowena does some exercises in the comfortable London flat she is sharing with "a sweet English girl I'd never met before in my life."

ABOVE: Training round the city streets, Rowena paces herself against buses, trucks, and taxis. She has made friends with many of the locals on her run.

pays her expenses to and from Edinburgh, where the race is held on New Year's day.

She has entered the 90-metre sprint and the main event over 110 metres.

"It's the day after Hogmanay, the Scottish New Year's eve booze-up," she said. "But it would be over-optimistic to hope that any of my competitors will have hobbled themselves with hang-overs. Pro foot-runners are too hard-headed for that."

Win or lose, Rowena has to be back at teachers college in February. "I'm going home via the States, where I'll have a look at the American professional athletics scene."

"Then back to college to qualify as a physical training teacher. One thing about my trip to Britain: it's improved my knowledge of soccer tremendously. I teach soccer to children, you know. Boys and girls together. It's a great sport. Much better for them than Australian Rules or Rugby."

"Mind if I change?"

She left the sitting-room in her training clothes and returned later, dressed in a beautifully-cut pants suit, in soft, tawny leather.

"Harrod's," she said, "if you'll excuse me name-dropping. Just walked in and bought it, straight off the hook, and walked out in it. Perfect fit. Couldn't get anything like it in Melbourne — not at the price. You know what? It cost only 143 pounds — \$252 Australian."

"There's nothing in its class or quality in Sydney or Melbourne for \$500, I swear. Leather's terribly expensive in Australia, which is surprising, with all those cattle wandering round in the Northern Territory."

She adjusted the soft, flimsy blouse under the leather jacket for the photographs.

"They all think that because I like to run against men I'm a women's libber," she said. "It simply isn't true. I enjoy sport. I'm a hard competitor. I like to win. But I'm all for looking feminine and acting feminine off the track."

"But the only time I deliberately set out to catch a man is when he heads me in a race. I have no marriage plans and no serious ambitions about it."

"I don't believe girls should rush into marriage for its own sake. I have plenty of men friends but no real possibles or probables, if you get my meaning."

"I just want to get on with my career, in teaching and in active sport, and if marriage comes along some day — you know, absolutely irresistibly — well, that will be that."

Any other ambitions?

"Well, now you ask me, my supreme ambition at the moment is to run in the Stawell Gift next Easter — if I'm invited."

In the leather pants suit she bought in a London shop for 143 pounds (\$A252).



NEXT WEEK

New, simple, and
imaginative food ideas
for

SUMMER BARBECUES

including
7 ways to cook
garlic prawns

Holiday CROSSWORDS

Selection of
cryptic and
quick puzzles

What really happens
to victims of

AMNESIA?

The strange stories of
people who lost their
memories, identities, and
years out of their lives

The joys of FIDELITY

Faithfulness adds an
important dimension to a
long term relationship
says a woman playwright
who combined a successful
career with a happy marriage

Famous underwater girl
VALERIE TAYLOR tells
of the day she made
friends with sea lions

LIVING DOWN THE BARRYMORE NAME

Battling John Drew Barrymore, son
of the most celebrated Hollywood
hellraiser, is back.

AS John Drew Barrymore walks down Sunset Strip many people turn to stare at the famed profile — and they wait for something to happen.

Then, nothing, no fist fights, no cops, no obscenities. Big Bad John just walks right on home.

As he says: "I've been born again."

You don't have to move out the furniture when you invite the new John Drew round for a drink. All he's hankering to punch these days is a time clock on a movie set somewhere. He drinks only coffee.

Neither is the drug squad going to bust your party because John Drew is one of the guests. Now he pops nothing but questions about where to find work.

Ten years ago he was making so much money he hired somebody to count it. In Europe alone he made 40 pictures. At home he was, apparently, in every scene where blood was drawn.

By
Colin Dangaard

Then he dropped out of sight.

Nobody, not even his three children by three beautiful women, knew his whereabouts.

Today, at 41, he carries a map of where he went. It's on his face. Pain was the pencil, jails, disease, deserts, and starvation were points of interest.

But he grips your hand now and grins and says, "God, brother, it's GOOD to be back!"

John Drew, son of the original movietown party buster, John Barrymore, made his return with a key role in "The Riddle," an episode in the then-popular "Kung Fu" series starring David Carradine. He had recently been making a movie in the Philippines.

It was Carradine who personally went to Warner Brothers to get Barrymore the vital "Kung Fu" job.

Asked why he wanted Barrymore, Carradine said, "Because he's a Barrymore! He's brilliant. He's all heart and that's what an actor should be."

(Carradine, somewhat a

counter-culture character himself, is currently fighting his own battles: the ratings of his "Kung Fu" series are sliding; he's split with his de facto wife; he's been charged on several counts including attempted burglary after an alleged rampage through a neighbor's house; and he's battling a \$1 million civil suit in which it's alleged he attacked a woman and tried to rip her clothes off.)

Barrymore worked so convincingly in the "Kung Fu" episode, playing a Scottish funerary sculptor, that the crew broke into spontaneous applause after he emerged from a long scene.

"And that," says a crew member, "is the ultimate award for a screen actor."

Of course, people say Barrymore was born a brilliant actor. His showbiz ancestry can be traced back to the Kinlock family of Great Britain in 1703.

On his father's side, his grandparents were Maurice Barrymore, an actor and playwright of the 1800s, and actress Georgiana Drew Barrymore. His aunt and uncle were the famous stage and film stars Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, and his half-sister was the brilliant but tragic actress Diana Barrymore.

(Diana, following a similar pattern to father and brother, was an alcoholic by the time she was 30. On a disastrous visit to Australia in 1951 she was unable to perform because of what she mockingly called "the family sickness." She died, of alcohol and sleeping pills, in 1960.)

His mother, Dolores Costello, was a matinee idol.

His father drank his way through an astonishing career, doing for movies what Janice Joplin did for rock. The Barrymores were the industry's royal family.

John was 18 months old when his parents were divorced. As he grew up he saw his father only once.

Inevitably John went into movies. He came to prominence in "The Sundowner," and thereafter shot, punched, blasted, stabbed, and dismembered his way through everything from westerns to Roman classics.

He recalls with reluctance, "I was always the guy who did the killing. I was the heavy. Blood everywhere.



ABOVE: John Drew Barrymore (then known as John Barrymore Jr.) and his first wife, Cara Williams, in 1956. RIGHT: Barrymore and his second wife, Gaby Palazzolo, and their daughter, Blyth Dolores, in 1963.



Bodies stacked up. It made you want to vomit."

Cast in the shadow of his father, people expected him to break furniture, fight, and attack life.

He tried to strike his own identity, dropping the Jr and the Barrymore in his name and inserting Drew.

But off stage, he was clearly a shot from the same bottle — a sharply featured, handsome, lovable rogue.

He dated dazzling women and married two of them: Cara Williams, who gave him son John, and Gaby Palazzolo, who gave him a daughter, Blyth. He lived for a time with a third, who gave him another child.

Dropout point

The dropout point came in Rome, where he had just got out of jail after being arrested in a street fight. He was 30 years old and walking through the airport to catch a plane.

He laughs now, showing his stained teeth, recalling, "There I was with my producer, my director, my \$300 suit, my \$600 cufflinks, my \$250 attache case from Gucci, and my wife, the clothes-horse of the century."

"I saw this little Indian man also striding for the plane. There was a strange sense of purpose in the way he walked. I ran after him."

"I caught his arm, said my name was Barrymore. He smiled and said, yes, his

name was J. Krishnamurti and, yes, he did know my father.

"From Rome to Paris we talked. Once the stewardess brought him a salad with three strips of tongue across it. Just the way he looked down at it caused me never to eat meat again."

A strange calm came over John Barrymore. Suddenly he was objecting to violence in movies. The whole thing was rotten, he said.

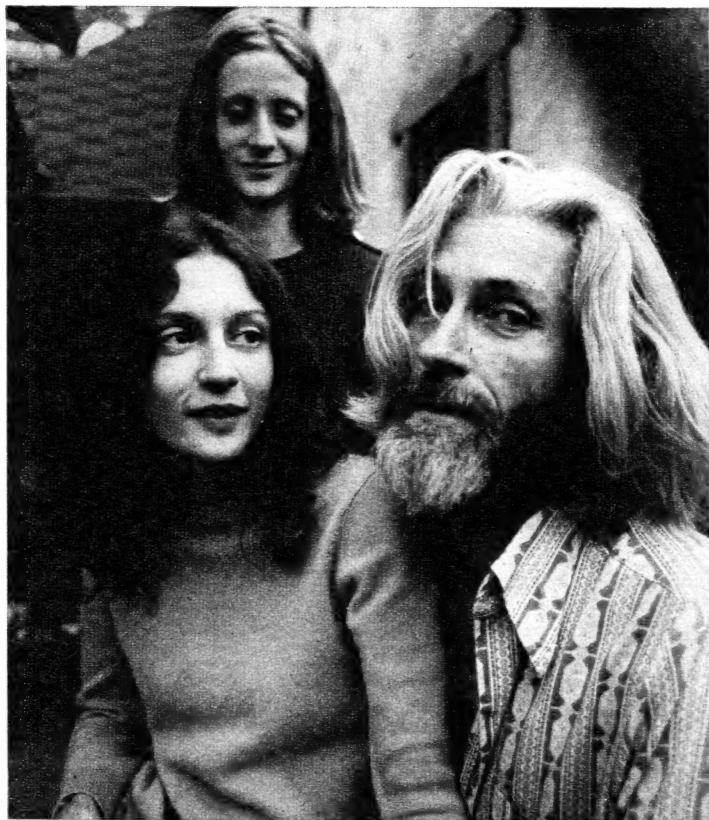
Then he vanished.

While producers, friends, and relatives searched, John was in Japan, just wandering round, alone, his pockets empty, his mind blank.

Once again he was trying to give up alcohol and stimulant drugs.

Walking through a park in Tokyo he was attacked by a mad dog, and thus found himself landing in India carrying some rabies vaccine.

"I was hungry and broke and so sick I thought I would die. But going from the



ABOVE: John Drew Barrymore as he is now, with girlfriend, Ildiko Jaid, and 17-year-old son, John.



airport to downtown Calcutta, I saw a man with no feet, hobbling along on bleeding stumps.

"Everywhere I looked there were maimed, dying. I considered myself, white and American, and suddenly felt very ashamed. Taking rabies vaccine was a luxury compared with what these people took every day of their lives.

"I went back to the street and sat with the beggars to get money for food. They thought I was mad. But I got respect when they saw how good I could beg. I went all the way across India begging.

"I met gurus and holy men and discovered that even they had to work hard. The message was clear: go back home and look again.

"But the whole crazy game got to me again when, weeks later, I was sitting in my agent's office and there on his desk was \$280,000 for me to do a TV series, 'T.H.E.CAT'."

It was 1968. He walked out and didn't stop until he reached a shack in the Californian high desert. There he stayed for five and a half years.

"I lived on watercress and hickory nuts and didn't eat anything cooked for almost two years. I once sat in a cave and fasted ten days.

"I watched the sunrise, talked to trees and really got to know a little blade of grass. One day I woke up and knew who I was."

A year ago he walked back to civilisation.

So now we're sitting in the yoga lotus position in the home of the new John Drew, where paint peels off the walls, sofas sag, and the toilet is flushed with a bucket.

"Leave it," calls Ildiko Jaid, a delicate slip of a girl with haunting brown eyes. "We'll fix it later."

Son John is here too. He's 17 and has appeared in "Around." Like his dad, he's battling to live down the

Barrymore name, "specially with the older people."

John Drew himself is standing in the doorway, thin, greying hair streaking down his face, lines etched deep in the fading light. But his eyes are clear, his wit sharp, and he fairly pounces when the telephone rings.

"Hey, somebody, get this number down... it's an old, old friend." Into the receiver, he says: "Yes... yes... I'm back... that's right, 'Kung Fu'... beautiful people... I'd love to see you, brother."

Three minutes later the phone rings again. Somebody's complaining they couldn't get hold of John for a job, now taken. John doesn't use agents, doesn't trust them.

"Whada'ya mean, couldn't find me! EVERYBODY has my number, even Celebrity Service. Of course I'm working! I'm back, goddammit!"

He pours coffee into a cracked green cup, stirs in

honey, and says quietly, with the rasp of a larynx tortured with booze and cigarettes:

"I know I've come a long way, like, back from the dead."

It's difficult to get him talking about "before." Dates, places, escape him. "I've flushed it from my mind. It belongs to history and the public domain."

To the public domain then. The newspaper clip file:

ROME, 1960: Barrymore, Fiancee, Held in City Jail.

Fist fight

ROME, 1962: Barrymore in New Court Battle: Walked Out of Night Club and Smack into Fist Fight.

DENVER, 1964: Barrymore Quizzed in Bomb Hoax.

SAN BERNARDINO, 1966: Barrymore Hits Highway Patrol Car: Drugs Investigation.

VICTORVILLE, 1967:

John Drew Barrymore Guilty in Dope Case.

Back in the old cottage, John shrugs and says: "Ah, that's crap. Forget it!"

Then he smiles quickly and says: "But let me tell you about this funny jail in Rome. First, I had nothing to do with the street fight. I had a piece of wood in my hand when the cops came only because I had just disarmed a guy.

"Wife, relatives, we were all hauled off to jail. I was slammed in a cell where you carried it out twice a week in a bucket, and slept on a straw mattress an inch thick. They beat me and finally threw me in a place for the insane, where I ACTED mad because I realised the crazy house was a lot better than the jail house."

Son John is staring wide-eyed, asking questions and saying, "Far out!"

Barrymore sees the past as both necessary and fortunate. He wondered, at

LEFT: The new John Drew back home in Hollywood. Yoga and meditation helped him get off drugs and alcohol. INSET LEFT: His famous parents, John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, in "The Beloved Rogue."

the height of his acting fame, what he was doing to people's minds.

"I used to wonder if some of the men who saw my movies didn't go home and punch their wives in the mouth, or did some kid run out and shoot somebody.

"To empty my head of that was worth every step in India, every minute in the desert."

Of his father, he says: "I just didn't know him. My facts came from other sources. But we both shared the Eastern experience, and came back different people.

"In a book called 'The Minutes of the Last Meeting,' there is an account of how some people wanted to throw a party for my father, to sort of welcome him back from his travels.

"But others said no. They feared he would walk in, smack somebody, or commit some other atrocity.

"Eventually it was decided to hold the party, and in walked my dad. He was neatly dressed, looked 20 years younger, despite his puffed ankles (gout).

How he drank

"He sat at the dinner table and said: 'I went to India for a year and I met a holy man and ended up in a whorehouse.'"

A year later, May 29, 1942, he was dead.

"He was 60 years old," says John, "which is incredible when you consider how he lived, how he drank. No man did it harder."

Old Barrymore boozed so much that, locked in a house once to dry out for a movie, he was found drunk on wood alcohol and perfume.

John himself knows the feeling: "I've been so drunk I couldn't be picked up, let alone stand up. Most days I couldn't button my shirt. On drugs I never shot (injected) anything, but I hit most else. Speed (amphetamines) generally."

But all that's over, and to prove it John Drew jumps up and lands on his head, legs folded upwards in a lotus.

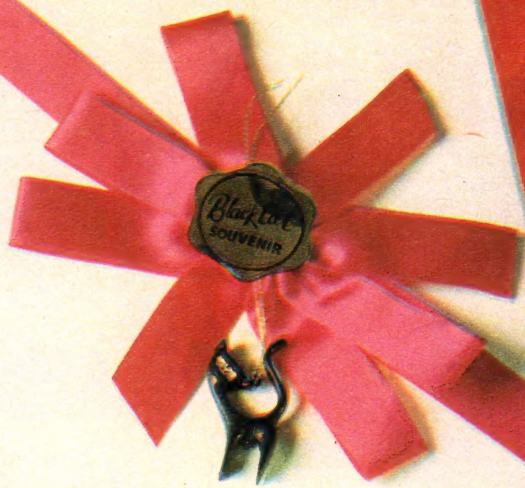
Health aside, he looks like no other Barrymore, except perhaps for his father in "The Sea Beast."

But when he speaks, there's no mistaking the son of Hamlet. He's more than eloquent and literate, his words are eager, hopeful.

"I know I'm a better actor now than I ever was," he says, barefoot, clothes crumpled, a cigarette in one hand and coffee in the other.

"I've shed all my hang-ups except two. And I'm holding them both now."

Black Cat



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Give a box of chocolates to someone you love

Susan's getting in trim for her battle with Riggs

"A fun spectacular for charity" is Susan Peacock's summing up of her match with the U.S. "clown of tennis," Bobby Riggs.

IT'S being hailed as round three in the "Battle of the Sexes" — the tennis match that self-styled No. 1 male chauvinist Bobby Riggs has challenged Susan Peacock to play.

He's coming Down Under from the United States for the match at Kooyong, Melbourne, on January 4.

Bobby Riggs, 56, ex-Wimbledon and world professional champion, and a brash hustler, was invited to Australia by Frank Sedgman, a longtime friend.

Mrs. Peacock, 32, the wife of the Liberal M.H.R., Mr. Andrew Peacock, says she won't be unnerved. "I don't know if Bobby Riggs is so hot," she said.

Susan does not have much time in her busy life for tennis. She learned as a child, played in her final year at school in the school team and won the doubles. She played in A grade competitions before her marriage and has been a runner-up in the Franklin Cup social tournament held at Portsea each year.

Haven't met

"It's a faint history of tennis," she said.

Her greatest shot? "Passing shots at the net — when they get past," she said laughing. "But I love the game and I'm thrilled at the opportunity to play a match against Bobby Riggs — for fun."

Susan has not met her opponent, "But I'm reading all I can about him," she said. "He wears a toupee — perhaps I could rip that off his head."

She laughed at the thought because that is not her way — she'll leave all those tactics to Bobby Riggs. "Half the fun of the match is wondering what 'side-bits' he will use," she said.

Her plan of campaign is simple. "I hope to become fitter — by swimming up and down the pool at home. I hope to be fit enough to last the distance against him."

And what advantages has she? "He'll be on foreign territory won't he? I'll be

among friends. Perhaps I'll organise a cheer squad — a diverting cheer squad."

Bobby Riggs wanted to play Margaret Whitlam, but Mrs. Whitlam will be touring Europe with the Prime Minister when the match takes place.

So far in his war with women, the score stands at one all.

He inflicted a 6-1, 6-2 defeat on Margaret Court, perhaps the best-known mother in sport, in the "Mother's Day Massacre" in 1973. Riggs claimed this proved his contention that any top male tennis player, even at 55, could beat any top female player.

Then a few months later he went down devastatingly to Billie Jean King in a game that was seen, taking in both "live" and television audiences, by 50 million people.

The spectacle had been promoted as "The Match of

handed Bobby Riggs a live pig — then went on to beat him 6-4, 6-3, 6-3.

However, there was consolation money for the loser from television sponsors, and it is said that Riggs collected \$90,000 for his efforts.

Since then he has turned his tennis ability into a massive money-making machine that has gained him thousands of dollars from stunts all over the country.

When Evel Knievel was preparing to ride a rocket over Idaho's Snake River Canyon last September, Bobby Riggs, who had never ridden a motor cycle until that week, bet Knievel he could ride from Las Vegas to Twin Falls, Idaho, within 72 hours.

He covered the 646-mile trip in time to collect the \$25,000 wager from Knievel. About 60 miles outside Twin Falls, Riggs was greeted by a

His ability is a massive money-making machine

the Century." Bobby Riggs called it "The Battle of the Big Mouths."

"When I finish with her, Women's Lib will be women's squib," Bobby boasted beforehand.

Billie Jean said: "I'll murder the creep in straight sets."

Before the \$100,000, winner-take-all match in the huge Houston (Texas) Astrodome, Billie Jean King

sign on a truck along the road: "Hey Bobby, Billie Jean would have been there by now."

Bobby says losing to Billie Jean King brought him other bonuses. "Women now adore me," he said. "They run their fingers through my hair, they want to cook for me, they want to sew for me, they want to do things for me."

"Billie Jean became a

heroine. I became a hero. I put women on cloud nine and I'm up there with 'em. The timing was right. With Watergate, the country needed a laugh."

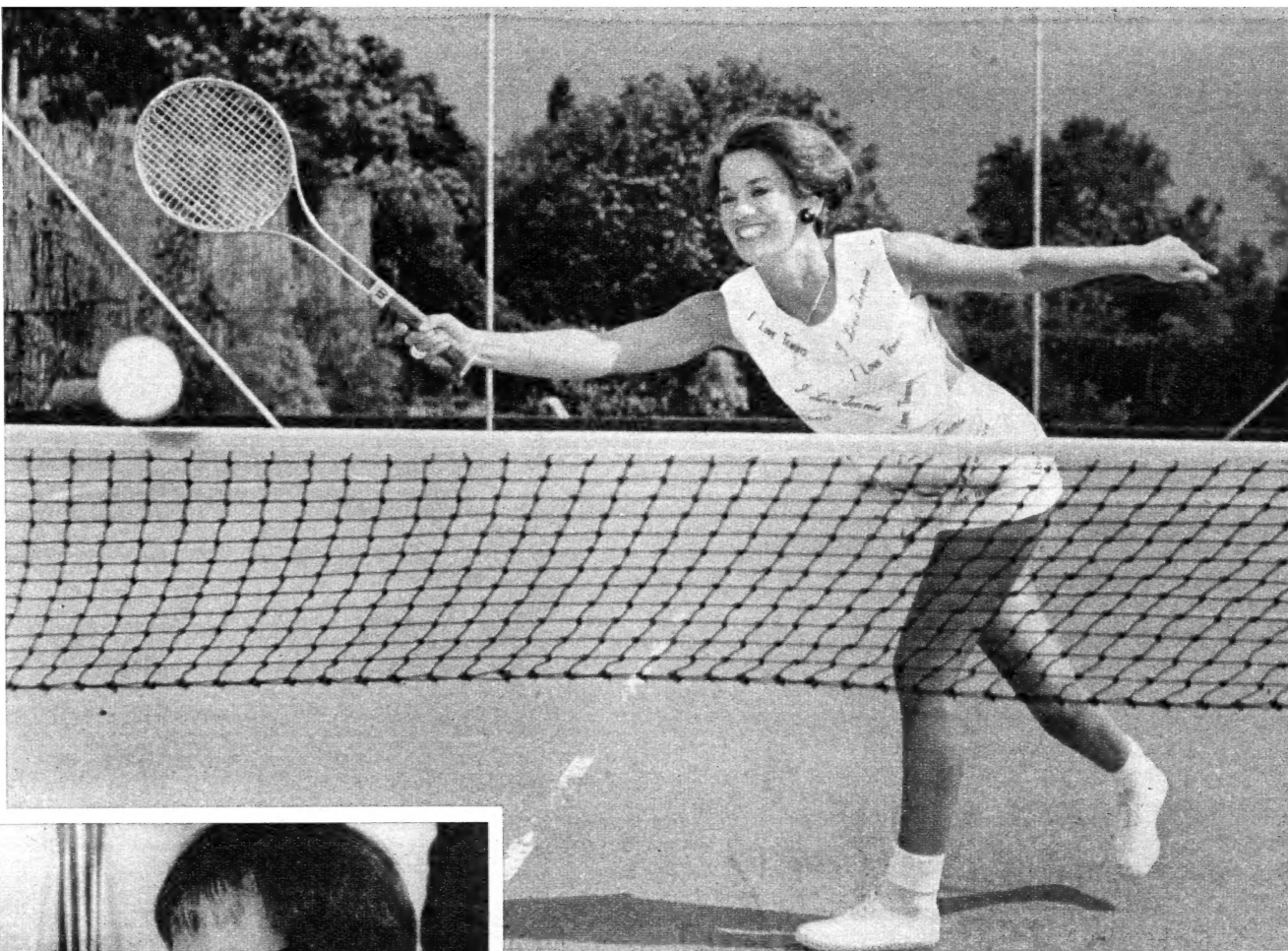
According to Riggs, women have always enjoyed

ruffling his locks. When he first visited Australia in 1948 with a professional tennis troupe that included Jack Kramer, Pancho Segura, and Dinny Pails, he said then: "Women tell me they just love to run their fingers through my hair."

In his heyday Bobby Riggs was one of the best defensive tennis players the game has known. Record books state that Robert L.

Susan Peacock practises on a neighbor's court in Melbourne. She designed the "I love tennis" motif on her dress, which was made for her by a friend. Left: Billie Jean King arm-wrestling Riggs.

Below: Before playing Margaret Court, Bobby presented her with a Mother's Day bouquet.



Next time the player tossed away a racquet Riggs was waiting, and outsprinted the dog.

When he wanted a better racquet, he found a school-mate who liked to play marbles, and who had a good tennis racquet.

Bobby Riggs, already a good marbles player, practised until his knuckles were bleeding, then with the tennis racquet as stakes, challenged his friend to marbles. He won.

He said he turned professional in 1942 because: "I'd won all the highest honors anyone could win as an amateur. I've been playing tennis since I was 12. Except for tennis I've never done a lick of work in my life."

It's different

Of the match at Kooyong, Susan Peacock said: "It will be different from any other match he has played. A professional against an amateur. He is not used to playing against anyone like me. His other matches have been against ferocious 'I'm better than you' people."

Susan makes no claim to be the "greatest." "It will be a fun spectacular for charity — and I hope Bobby Riggs will enter into it in that spirit too," she said. "Surely no one expects me to win — unless he twists an ankle or something . . . an ex-Davis Cup player against a purely social player?"

"But I'll do my best. If I do better than Margaret Court I'll be happy."

Susan first heard about the proposed match from a friend.

"I phoned Frank Sedgman to ask about it and then said 'yes' I would play the match. It is something you accept — and then think about after."

AT THE BUTTERFLY BALL

Lady Jane's social event was a sell-out

By ANNE MATHESON, in London

Right: Princess Margaret was received by Lady Jane Wellesley, a close friend of the royal family, on her arrival at the Butterfly Ball. The Princess was in a gold cloak with butterflies pinned in her upswept hair. Lady Jane wore a Thea Porter dress and cap embroidered in silver butterflies.

Pictures by
DAVID GRAVES



WITH Prince Charles' friend, Lady Jane Wellesley, heading a socially strong committee, the Butterfly Ball, held in the Rainbow Room at the new Biba's in London, was more than a success. It was a sell-out at eight pounds (\$14.40) a single ticket and so over-booked that some hundreds were given their money back on the day of the ball.

The disappointed, with their dresses and butterfly extravaganzas at the ready, organised a party of their own, with band, champagne, and midnight supper, which was under way within a few hours at San Lorenzo's restaurant.

The Butterfly Ball was thought up by Lady Jane, co-chairman of the committee with her brother, the Marquis of Douro, after reading the children's book "The Butterfly Ball and Grasshopper Feast" published last year. Action Research for the Crippled Child benefited.

Lady Jane intends to make the ball an annual event. She appears to have no immediate plans outside a career. "I'm changing jobs," she said, "and leaving Colnaghi's Gallery to be a researcher on 'Radio Times.' Journalism always appealed to me."



Lady Jane and her brother, the Marquis of Douro, co-chairmen of the organising committee, waiting for their guests to arrive. The ball was over-subscribed and several hundred received their money back at the last moment. Those disappointed then held a party of their own.



Lady Jacqueline Rufus-Isaacs stretching her "wings" outside her parfumerie shop Dukes, close to Biba's in Kensington, where the ball was held. Like many committee members who were working girls, she changed at work and went straight on to cocktails and the ball.



Christopher Vane Percy admiring his wife's Zandra Rhodes-designed crinoline and butterfly hair-do. A designer, he helped to make her butterfly mask in jewels and sequins. Mrs. Vane Percy is a half-sister of Lord Ebury, of Toorak, Melbourne.



Australians living in London, Sally Marks, of Melbourne, and Percival Savage, formerly of Brisbane, among the guests. Miss Marks wore a butterfly headress in silver, while her escort carried a butterfly mask trimmed with peacock feathers.



Above: Baroness Suzy von Westenholz. She wore a lace dress by Bill Gibb, embroidered all over in silver and colored thread, with a butterfly necklace.

Left: Among Australians at the ball were Mrs Anne Quinn, in a giant butterfly headdress, and artist-stage designer Richard Lowe, both of Melbourne. Mrs Quinn's pale-colored dress had a handkerchief-point hemline. Mr Lowe wore a butterfly collar of sequins and colored beads with a lame shirt.

THE START of the Sydney-Hobart yacht race, Australia's famous blue-water classic, will be telecast by the National Nine Network in color this year.

This is the 17th year the network has telecast the start, the first year in color.

The Boxing Day telecast, from 11.45 a.m. to 1 p.m., should be superb viewing if the weather behaves as it usually does and produces a brilliant, sparkling day.

I always think the scene on the harbor at the start of this race is pure essence of summer Sydney.

Tower HQ

TCN9 will have cameras on a tug near the starting line, at Nielsen Park, as well as on South Head, the tower headquarters for the big telecast.

TCN9's commentators are Olympic yachtsman Gordon Ingate and TCN9's Manager (and yachtsman) Michael Ramsden, both heart-and-soul sailing men.

Ingate and Ramsden will telecast from their own personal crow's-nest on South Head. Their nest, built by TCN9, is a steel tower contraption that rises some 50ft and ends in a flat top roofed with a canvas awning.

NINE COLOR START FOR HOBART RACE

A brilliant new dimension comes to coverage of the sports classic

By NAN MUSGROVE

This gives the commentators a vantage point with a view that covers the start, round South Head and down the coast.

The platform on top is equipped with table, chairs, two TV monitors, microphones, and binoculars.

"Color is going to be a tremendous help this year," Ramsden said. "Gordon Ingate and I know all the boats by their shape, but viewers don't."

"It is much better if we can name the boat and identify it by adding 'with the blue hull,' or 'red and white spinnaker,' or some such fact."

Ramsden, an excellent commentator, who had his first boat out on the harbor when he was nine years old, has been involved with the Sydney-Hobart race since very early in its history. As a young reporter he used to cover the finish at Hobart.

Now the big man at the

start, he's covered a lot of sailing in between, and was a member of an America's Cup squad for two years.

The start of the race each year almost makes Boxing Day Ramsden's one day of the year.

"I love it," he said. "It's a day when, apart from the sailing, you see Sydney at its very best, all sunshine and blue water."

Fewer start

I was surprised to find that the world's economic climate has affected the race this year. Last year there were 90 starters, this year 65.

At the Cruising Yacht Club they put down the cut in entries to the economy and also point out that this is a "non" Southern Cross year.

Every second year, the Sydney-Hobart yacht race is the last race in the Southern Cross series of races (next scheduled for 1975), which always attracts many overseas boats.

Mark Spitz, for instance, plans to sail in the Sydney-Hobart next year if things turn out as he hopes.

What strikes me about this year's yacht race telecast is what the eye of the TV camera may reveal as it sweeps round the start. At Sydney's permissive beach near Camp Cove, Watsons Bay, bikini wearers are considered over-dressed.

Those slot machines on the pier at England's Brighton, featured in Victorian novels, won't be in it with what the TV camera may reveal, indeed can't very well help missing — which adds piquancy to such a wholesome sporting occasion.



GORDON LIGHTFOOT

LIGHTFOOT SPECIAL

"THE Complete Gordon Lightfoot," an hour special of Gordon Lightfoot's music, sung and played by Lightfoot, who toured Australia successfully last September, will be telecast by TCN9 on December 26, at 7.30 p.m. The special, made in Canada, where he was born and grew up, features "If You Could Read My Mind," and other well-knowns, like "Did She Mention My Name?"

TV MARRIAGE — GERMAN-STYLE — UNDER FIRE

TV REALISM about marriage and the family, as reflected in the British TV series "Till Death Us Do Part," has no counterpart on German TV, where the local industry has been accused of giving a false picture of German marriage.

"The industry portrays marriage in Germany as a state of perpetual tenderness and bliss," the influential German magazine "Dialog" says. "Dialog" is a political and economic magazine.

Investigation

"Dialog" made its accusations against the two main West German TV stations after an investigation carried out over a six-week period.

"The German television marriage is like a mixture of vanilla ice-cream and whipped cream: Lush, lovely to look at, but without the right effect on the palate," "Dialog" said.

The magazine went on to complain that nine out of ten programs about marriages showed stereotyped characters.

"Neither the financial situation of the family, nor the man's professional

position, nor the scholastic performances of the children are material for an evening's excitement," the article said.

"The typical German TV family is one in which the outstanding father dominates life inside as well as outside the home. The mother finds her fulfilment in her function as a perfumed housekeeper, the children pout but they don't rebel."

"No one expects TV programs primarily intended for entertainment to be loaded with real problems, but they could conceivably contain a grain of seriousness," the article concluded.

How true?

"Dialog" is right, I am sure, but I don't think all viewers would accept German TV's families as necessarily true to German life.

I don't believe American families all have silly Dads and dominating Mums as they do in the general run of TV series, nor do I think Australian families are like those featured in "The Godfathers." "The Family Next Door" or, Heaven help us, "The Serpent in the Rainbow."

READ TV TIMES
FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



"ROBINSON CRUSOE," another of those rich BBC-NBC co-productions, is a special TV film to be seen here in 1975 on ABC-TV. I am looking forward to it already.

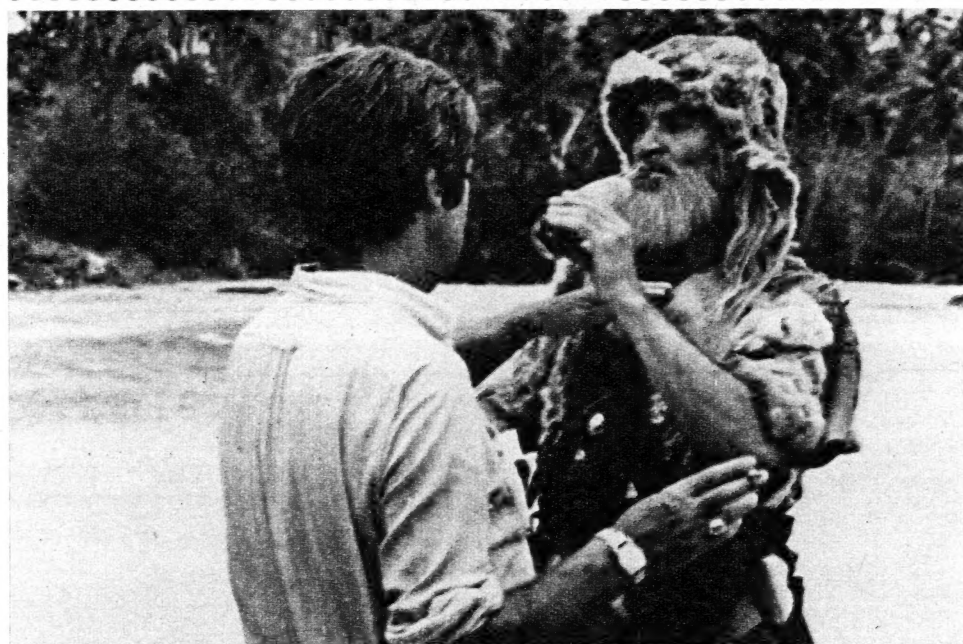
British actor Stanley Baker plays Crusoe. He is a stickler for authenticity — as was its producer, James McTaggart, who, sadly, died of a heart attack before the TV film was finished.

"Crusoe" was filmed on location at Tobago, in the West Indies, under super sunny skies, with the temperature never less than 38 deg C. Baker refused to use stunt men or any props specially constructed from lightweight materials.

Most of the time he was on Tobago he sweated it out in a goatskin costume.

"Defoe wrote that, when Crusoe's clothes wore out, he made a costume from goatskin," Baker said. "So we used goatskin — for a hat, umbrella, shoes, and a body covering."

"Wearing a goatskin in Tobago is like living in a steam bath. When I arrived there, I weighed 86 kilos (14 st 4 lb). I was solid, with no



STANLEY BAKER, as Robinson Crusoe, sneaks in a soft drink during a break.

A spirited "Crusoe" was tough for star

flab. By the time we finished filming, I was just under 74 kilos (11st 8lb). It all happened in five weeks and it's a tough way to diet.

"McTaggart was a wonderful man. At the beginning of the story, when I am washed ashore on the island alone from a shipwreck, I have to build part of a raft. I drag it

through the shallows to the wrecked ship offshore.

"Then I have to drag supplies — from small pouches to heavy boxes and large pieces of timber — on to the raft and get them to the island."

"McTaggart and I agreed not to use balsa wood or hollow kegs. If I had to strain to pull a box or a log, we

wanted the effort to be visible on my face.

"Once, McTaggart filled an empty box with rocks and sand because he wanted a close-up of my body muscles struggling."

"For the first week of filming, my muscles were tied in knots. But after that I wasn't tired at all — and I slept like a baby."



Mr. and Mrs. Martin Loyd after their marriage at the Folly Point home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Frederick Bridges. The bride was Jill Deloitte Davis, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis, of Mosman. Her husband is the elder son of Mr. Geoffrey Loyd, of Herefordshire, England, and of Mrs. Patricia Loyd, of London.

People and Fashion

Conducted by **BETTY DELANDRO**

RIGHT: Julie Benn wore a satin skirted gown with a chantilly lace bodice and fresh flowers holding her veil when she married Roderick Badgery at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Benn, of "Thoura Station," Bourke, and the bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Badgery, of Collaroy.



WEDDING OF OPERA SINGERS

Opera singers Kathrina Shah and Vincenzo Nesci were married at St. Mary's Church, Waverley. The bride, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shah, of Randwick, wore a heavy French cotton gown with diagonal stripes of satin and pointed sleeves of guipure banded lace. The lace was repeated on her mantilla. The bridegroom is the second son of the Joseph Nescis, of Adelaide. For her going away outfit (right) the bride wore a red and gold sari from Pakistan and family jewellery of rubies and gold. She also wore a tikka (marriage emblem) in pearls, rubies and gold, on her forehead.



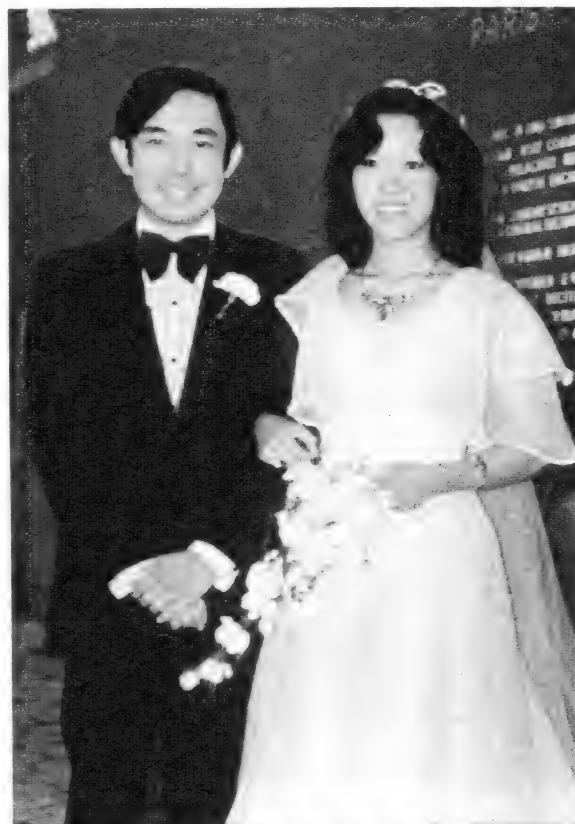


LEFT: Mrs. Peter Finlay in a printed cotton gabardine chemise, Mr. Henri Aram, and Mrs. Aram in a navy gored skirt and vivid silk shirt, were among Black and White Committee supporters at the annual presentation party at the Committee rooms at Woollahra.

People and Fashion

Continued

Ian McLachlan and Black and White Committee president, Mrs. Leon Myerson, at the cheque presentation party which followed the Committee's final meeting for 1974. Mrs. Myerson presented a fund-raising cheque for \$48,000 to Sir Alexis Albert, the president of the Royal Blind Society.



LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Lowe, who were married at St. James' Church, King St., are honeymooning overseas. The bride, who was Mary Sze Tu, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kut Sze Tu, of Randwick, and the bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lowe, of Bardwell Park.

BELOW: Mrs. Edward Bates and Dr. and Mrs. Warwick Stening were among guests at the cocktail party and art show arranged by the St. Luke's Hospital Committee at the Soho Galleries, Watsons Bay. Mrs. Bates wore a black pyjama suit with a belted kimono jacket and Mrs. Stening a floral silk shirtmaker.



Mrs. Ted Gibson wore a chocolate brown jersey dress and an unusual diamante and velvet belt to the cocktail party and art show to aid St. Luke's Hospital. She is pictured above with her husband.

BELOW: Dr. Charles Newhook and his bride, the former Dr. Margaret Smyth, signing the register after their marriage at Prince Henry Hospital Chapel, Little Bay. Dr. Smyth is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smyth, of Wollongong, and her husband is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Newhook, of Palmerston North, New Zealand.





Above: Anglo-German actress Jane Merrow was snug in a leather-trimmed fur coat as she left London's Heathrow Airport for Hollywood, after completing a role in the film "Diagnosis: Murder." Jane spent almost a year in Australia in 1968-69 during the filming of "Adam's Woman," which co-starred John Mills.

Left: Queen Elizabeth was very amused when small Shona Beaton, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Anne Beaton, and her elder sister Linda, said something that broke the solemnity of her father's presentation. Shona had watched her father, Inspector James Beaton, Princess Anne's bodyguard on the night of her attempted kidnap, receive awards with seven other heroes of the shooting.

What people are wearing OVERSEAS



Left: London model Jay adopted a Dietrich pose to show off her silver satin housecoat, which had a wide sash and double collar. She attended David Nieper's "film star" collection of nightwear.

Right: Princess Anne arriving at Buckingham Gate to attend a dinner given by the National Federation of Young Farmers, of which she is president. The Princess wore a short cropped jacket with her silk plaid skirt — and her long hair loose about her shoulders. This is a break with tradition — in the past, members of the royal family have always worn their hair swept up when attending formal functions.



APPLE'S WAY

"APPLE'S WAY," a new National Nine Network series about a family who love the simple things of life, sets the seal of viewer approval on the new American TV trend towards dramas about happy families.

"The Waltons" started the trend with the award-winning series about a happy family living on a farm in the 1930s Depression era.

As John Boy (Richard Thomas), the narrating character, says: "The Waltons' is about the love that can keep a family together even in hard times."

"Apple's Way" is about the love that keeps a family together in 1974 in Iowa, where the Apples settle after tiring of the hard life of nine-to-five business in Los Angeles.

"Apple's Way" is modern, and the Apples, George and Barbara, their four children, Paul, Cathy, Patricia and Steven, and Grandfather Apple, take to rural life because they feel that city life is too materialistic. George Apple is a successful architect in L.A. and he takes his family back to the town of his forefathers, Appleton.

Right off in the early days of the series, the Apples discover that a giant oak tree planted by a founding Apple in the town is to be cut down to make way for a tourist hotel. There is pandemonium as the Apples go about saving the tree.

George finds out that the firm of architects who employ him are involved in the hotel business, so things look grim.

George Apple is played by Ronny Cox, who gets \$US4,500 a week for the role. Obviously, "She's Apples" is his catch-cry.

By NAN MUSGROVE

Ronny Cox is known as a nice man, and has been criticised as over sentimental in the role. He says the trouble is that George Apple is just too nice a guy for real life. "He needs a few warts on him," he says.

With or without warts, from what I've seen and heard about "Apple's Way" it can't help being popular.

Barbara Apple, who believes in her husband all the way, is played by Lee McCain. The Apples are different from the Waltons in that they are very big on dumb chums — dogs and cats abound. There are three dogs, Sam, Muffin, and Bijou, and some cats whom so far I haven't got to know on first name terms.

Eventually in "Apple's Way" George Apple buys the local newspaper to get the family more involved in the life of the town.

One thing is different about the TV Americans in "Apple's Way" — they're not so much running away from anything as running to the country to be happy. In the beginning of the series, there are few family problems, but they develop some along the way. The conflicts are all simply solved, with love not violence.

Ronny Cox, who enjoys playing George Apple, had a childhood that wasn't exactly conflict-free. He was one of five children and his father was sometimes a truck driver and sometimes a carpenter.

"We lived in a small New Mexico town," says Ronny. "We weren't exactly poor, but my father never made more than \$5,000 in any year of his life. Trying to raise five kids on that kind of money was not easy."

Ronny grew up watching Roy Rogers and Lou Costello movies at the town's only theatre, which set him itching to be an actor.

Eventually he joined the Arena Stage theatre group, in Washington, D.C., to learn to act — "The director kept begging me to give up acting, he thought I was lousy, so I always got the smallest, most miserable roles in all the plays." Later he shot to success in "Deliverance" and "A Case of Rape."

"When they said they wanted me for 'Apple's Way,' that I was right for the part, and offered me that \$4500 a week for the role, I couldn't believe it," Ronny says.

"People say George Apple's a busybody. What's escaped everybody is that George Apple is right out of the movies of the '30s, a kind of inept good Samaritan who sticks his neck out for what he believes in."

"He seems to be saying, 'Sure, the world is a mess, but you can do something about it.' I think we need that attitude right now."

"Apple's Way" may be seen on the National Nine Network. TCN9, GTV9, Sundays, 7.30 p.m.



ABOVE: The Apples, George (Ronny Cox) and attractive wife Barbara (Lee McCain), who live in a picturesque, converted, three-storey grist-mill in Mill Creek Valley, Appleton, Iowa.



LEFT: The Apple family. Bottom: Steve (Eric Olson), George (Ronny Cox), Barbara (Lee McCain), Cathy (Cathy Cohoon). Top: Patricia (Franny Michel), Paul (Vincent Van Patten). Also in the picture are dogs Sam, Muffin, and Bijou.



Children need extra care and protection from —

HOLIDAY HAZARDS

IT IS HARD to get people to think about safety, especially during the holiday season; they are usually preoccupied with many other aspects of holiday planning and preparations.

No family wants a happy holiday marred by a needless accident, but even the most safety-conscious can be put off guard by the change of routine and the general bustle and confusion of a holiday period.

Accidents in the home happen every day, they don't stop for holidays or any occasion; in fact, the figures rise during holidays. Despite all the safety rules and regulations, legislation, and safety equipment, accident prevention remains a human behaviour problem.

For children, school holidays are a time for fun. They may intend to learn a new sporting activity, cope with riding a new bicycle, learn to swim, try craftwork, help dad and mum around the house.

The holiday season for adults means baking, preparing meals, last-minute shopping trips, gatherings of family and friends, a constant state of busy activity.

Periods of emotional strain make us more vulnerable to accidents, so fuss and disorder can set the scene for accidents. A harassed or over-tired person may become more accident-prone, and so are children when tired or hungry.

Try to plan activities and prepare food well in advance. This helps eliminate hazards in and around the house.

From the study and research into the causes of home accidents, the figures given are: 7 percent faulty and poor design; 28 percent misuse of equipment, including lack of maintenance; and 65 percent human factors.

Statistics rarely give a true picture and I believe that the insignificant 7 percent (faulty and poor design) might have more indirect effect on the 65 percent (human factors) than appears on the surface.

Holiday stresses

For example, is your house built to fit you? Or are you forever trying to fit the house? Beautiful decor, ornate trappings do not make up for lack of elbow-room, cupboard space, and benchtop working areas.

The holiday season brings all the family together and with it, stresses in the home.

Approximately 40 percent of home accidents occur in the kitchen.

Some kitchens are so small that two people would have to move in complete unison and with precision timing to avoid collision.

Many kitchens and laundries are traffic-ways to the back door. And here again, if the laundry is being used (dirty clothes don't take a holiday) where does one sort the clothes for the wash? Probably on the floor; bench space is rarely provided for sorting and folding clothes.

Often a child wants to use the back door when the mother is sorting the washing; this could upset both parent and child for the

rest of the day, with the agitated mother shouting, "Make up your mind — in or out?" If the way to the back door had been designed with easy access through a passageway, this type of stress need not occur.

Children want to help around the house. So, instead of forbidding them to do certain things, show the child how to do it correctly and explain why things have to be done in a certain way for safety.

Many accidents occur when children are visiting; especially the homes of grandparents or adults who are out of practice in the safe handling of youngsters.

So look around grandma's house and see what home accident traps are waiting. It may help to revive the protective alertness they had as parents, and also remind present parents of the hazards in the home.

Curious children know no boundaries and explore all new territory. Hazards lurk in a neighbor's yard: the swimming pool, installing a reticulation well, dead limbs on garden trees that could snap under the weight of a young climber. Is there easy access to a busy street? Or is there a large drain or creek nearby? Ornamental ponds, water tanks, all spell danger to the exploring child.

By

FLORENCE PARRY

**Home Safety Organiser,
National Safety Council of W.A.**

Lock garage and workshop doors, make sure that all sharp tools, paint thinners, solvents, glues, insecticides, etc., are locked away and out of the reach of small children. Old refrigerators should have the doors removed or be stored with the door against a wall to make sure there is no risk of entrapment.

Don't allow rough play near glass doors or windows that reach floor level. Keep the barbecue area free from flammable liquids, matches, and fuel; children are fascinated by fire. Heights hold little fear for the young child, so make sure ladders are locked away.

Keep children and pets away when the lawn-mower is being used: stones, sticks, and other objects can be thrown off the mower when it is operating, causing injury. Always wear strong shoes for protection when mowing the lawn and put away the mower after use.

There are many hazards around the house; and a good habit is to always read the label of products you buy and follow instructions carefully. Laws have been passed to ensure that manufacturers label their products to protect you; this is useless if you don't read them.

Keep all poisonous substances locked away or out of the reach of children. Any old and unused medicines, tablets, pills can be taken to the pharmacist for disposal.

Unplug all electrical appliances when not in use. Touchers may set a machine in motion.

When using the stove, make a habit of turning pan handles inwards and use the



Children are curious — and usually investigate all cupboards within reach. Keep all poisonous substances locked away or out of reach of small children.

back burners. Never wear loose-sleeved garments while cooking.

Fires can start anywhere, but most start in an "activity" area of the house, like the kitchen or living-room.

Fire is like a three-legged stool — it can't work if one of the legs is missing.

The first leg is FUEL: wood, paper fabrics, anything that will burn.

The second is HEAT: any source that can touch off ignition — a match, a cigarette lighter, an electric spark, a child playing with a magnifying glass.

The third is AIR: the oxygen necessary for combustion. If there is no air, then there is no fire.

Many accidents happen when a person is talking on the telephone or at the door. If the doorbell or telephone rings IGNORE IT until you have made sure that you are not leaving a hazard behind. If you are bathing a small child, wrap him in a towel and take him with you; never leave a small child alone in a bathroom.

Many kitchen fires have started when unattended chip pans catch alight. If this happens, first switch off the heat, then quickly cover the pan with a metal lid or plate to exclude air. Never throw water on a grease fire.

Risk Suffocation

Never burn discarded plastic sheets or bags on an open fire — the fumes are toxic. They should be knotted into a ball and placed in the rubbish bin. Young children risk suffocation if they play with them and place them over their head or on their face.

Never place a discarded pressure-pack can with rubbish to be burnt. The can may explode when a certain temperature is reached. Never keep a pressure pack in the glove compartment or boot of a car. Heat builds up, especially in the Australian summer, and these cans may explode when temperatures get near to 50 deg. C. And don't put pressure packs on or near stoves or heaters.

A home with a swimming pool is bound

to have visitors during hot weather. Reports show that the majority of drownings are children of pre-school age.

Youngsters playing near the water account for many of the accidents. They may topple in while trying to retrieve a ball or other floating objects. Children have been known to drown within a few feet of people swimming in a pool.

Constant supervision of young children is the best safety precaution. NEVER leave them alone near water. Buoyancy devices are swimming aids only, they are NOT life jackets.

Farm dangers

Farms are interesting places, especially to town dwellers who love to get away from it all.

It is easy for farmers, in their own home, to forget that their guests might be quite unaware of many of the dangers present.

Here are a few pointers:

KEEP children and adults out of the paddock where a tractor is working. Do not allow children to ride on tractors — make it clear they are not playthings.

WARN children and adults, too, if they are not good swimmers, of the dangers of going too close to dams. The sides are often very slippery and steep, and few dams are fenced off.

COVER farm hazards like sheep dips, troughs, coppers, low tanks, sumps, and water-filled holes.

WARN visitors, about dangers in scrubland, such as poisonous plants and snakes.

KEEP onlookers away from agricultural machinery: often there are uncovered drive shafts and belting. If there are guards, make sure they are kept in place and secure.

In town or country, check your property, see what you consider dangerous, then either remove the hazards or make sure visitors are told of them.

There's no place like home, anybody's home, to have an accident.

Rothmans Cambridge dual filter, *milder* smoke, great taste. The best of both worlds.

Give the milder taste a try.

If you haven't tried the new Cambridge yet, you're missing the chance to get a milder taste without giving away the real flavour of the great tobaccos Rothmans use. And at a very sensible price. That's what's called getting the best of both worlds.

Menthol smokers will love the unique cool, mild taste of Cambridge Menthol in the green pack.



SILVER FLEECES

AT RIGHT: Sheep near Mittagong, N.S.W., are taken to lush pastures.

Picture by Mary Mackay, Lindfield, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIA

GOLDEN STUBBLE

BELOW: Golden stalks of malt barley have been stripped of their yield by one of South Australia's very few remaining horse teams, 30 miles (48 km) north of Adelaide. Malt barley is harvested in the area from November to mid-December.

Picture by J. Addison, Marryatville, S.A.



WITH FLOCK AND TEAM





Even as a child Michael Pertwee knew some entertaining people

BOOK REVIEW by Lyndall Crisp

Wartime picture of English author Michael Pertwee (left) in Army uniform.



Sir Laurence Olivier and his first wife, Jill Esmond (she's Michael Pertwee's cousin) at the wedding of their son Tarquin.

NAMES ARE HIS GAME

"THE first woman I saw stark naked was Tallulah Bankhead.

"I was taken backstage to meet her and there she was, smiling and nude."

Certainly a captivating scene-setter for a delightful new book, "Name Dropping," by Michael Pertwee.

In it he takes the reader on a gambol through his ups and downs, as a schoolboy, World War II soldier, husband (three times), father (three times), and theatre, film, and television writer.

To do it he uses a combination of English wit plus an ability to laugh at himself.

Son of Roland Pertwee, also a noted writer, and older brother of Jon, a popular British television entertainer (best known for his role in "Dr Who"), he was born in 1916.

Almost from birth (playmates included Christopher Robin, son of A.A. Milne) he hobnobbed with the famous — from royalty, to heads of state, to film stars.

The stage was set for some heavy name-dropping. And he does it with forgivable ease.

Schooldays were not the best for Pertwee.

He loathed lessons and

mischievously opposed teachers who quite understandably predicted a glum future for him.

How wrong they were!

He developed a tremendous urge to write, started a rival junior (versus senior) school magazine which met with instant success; sold his first article (when aged 16) to a magazine for 12 pounds — and made his first "best friend," Geoffrey Hallowes, who later married the French Resistance heroine, Odette.

No "push"

Another valued friendship began in 1937 when Pertwee joined Pinewood Film Studios in London to work on the script of "Crackerjack," starring Lilli Palmer.

He met a young man who struck him as: "good-looking, nice manners but not much push."

It was Anthony Rawlinson, who became Attorney-General in Ted Heath's Conservative Government.

Early reminiscences include the day Michael's cousin Jill Esmond, a successful actress, shyly produced her bashful new beau to be vetted.

The family expressed doubts. He was not considered a reliable breadwinner.

His name? Laurence Olivier.

(They married anyway.)

World War II began and Pertwee joined the volunteer Territorial Army — "On 1st September partridge shooting began: and so did Hitler, by invading Poland."

Actors Jack Allen, Frank Lawton, and Hugh Williams were among his comrades; his first officer was Malcolm Muggeridge; a "scruffy looking NCO" turned out to be Peter Ustinov.

Pertwee relates the touching incident that occurred during a conference (which turned out to be the verbal dress rehearsal for the D-Day invasion) which he attended — along with King George VI, Winston Churchill, Montgomery, Eisenhower, and Sir James Grigg, among others.

Toward the end, Eisenhower called on the King, whose stutter was a lifelong handicap, to make a speech.

The ensuing silence was electric, but remarkably the King rose and spoke without a hint of stammer.

Pertwee, who once before had felt real sympathy for the monarch after hearing him present a carefully rehearsed but painfully delivered speech, attributes his triumph on this historic moment to the fact that he was happy, relaxed in uniform, and at home surrounded by the best brains of two armies.

Pertwee meets Ivor Novello, Diana Wynyard, and Margaret Rutherford after a play they put on for

David Hemmings and Gayle Hunnicutt. Pertwee introduced them and later they married.

the troops; General Patton tips him (instead of the waiter) 2/6 for his coffee; Winston Churchill asks him for guidance to the loo.

The war ends and it's back to the grindstone for Captain Pertwee.

Father and son made history by collaborating on a West End play, "Paragon," starring Rachel Kempson (wife of Sir Michael Redgrave).

The critics loved it, Queen Mary personally offered her congratulations, Ivor Novello saw it five times — but it was a financial flop.

Ideas rarely clashed when the two joined forces on a script but when they did, W. Somerset Maugham and Alastair Sim rallied as judges.

From plays to films, and on the Tenerife set of an early one called "Interference," Pertwee became pals with George Sanders and his new wife, Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Aga alert

Later, word suddenly spread that the Aga-Khan had asked for Pertwee to write the script for a film based on the Aga's life.

Everyone was agog, but Pertwee was the last to know of the deal.

Eager to oblige he dropped everything and, according to orders, dashed to Nice, then Paris, in hot pursuit of the elusive Aga.

It eventually turned out to be an expensive hoax.

Quick to defend a friend, he believes that the charges proved against Stephen Ward ("not a professional pimp... but a man who was known to know a lot of pretty girls"), who committed suicide after the Profumo affair, would now not even justify a trial.

And even quicker to admit a boo-boo, Pertwee

tells his two best: he turned down the script for the Beatles' "Hard Day's Night," and proclaimed that Agatha Christie's "The Mousetrap" wouldn't last a week — it's been running 22 years.

On and off the stage the big names were his companions: Danny Kaye, Nicholas Monsarrat, Diana Dors, the Gershwins, Terry Thomas, Rex Harrison, Jerry Lewis, Joyce Grenfell, and Agnes Moorehead — the list is endless.

Some, he says, owe their "big breaks" to him.

Pretty teenager Petula Clark landed her first role in one of his films. He gave the tiny part of cigarette girl (only line — "Who wants a tigger?") in another film to an unknown dancer, Audrey Hepburn. He recognised talent when a nervous young stranger, Laurence Harvey, recited at a society party; wrote Peter Sellers' first major film role; introduced David Hemmings to his future wife Gayle Hunnicutt.

On his travels, he met Adlai Stevenson and India's Nehru; spent the wee small hours with two others, in a New York nightclub listening to Hubert Humphrey's fascinating account of a crucial meeting with

Eisenhower earlier that day; attended the United Nations conference when Khrushchev banged his shoe on a table during a debate.

Pertwee snippets for fans: David Niven is an uncomplicated professional; Glenn Ford and Peter Sellers live by their astrologers; Sammy Davis Jun. sees everyone else to bed but never rises before 2 p.m.

We all make faux pas but probably not in such grand company as the author.

On being presented to the Royal Family after one of his plays, he forgot about his slipped disc, bowed to the Queen Mother, "and barked with pain in her face."

Confessing to a bad memory for names (!) he tells how he once spied a very familiar face while in a shop, and rather than ignore the person whose name escaped him, he chatted, commented on how long it had been since they last met, and sidled out. It was the Duke of Windsor.

Unlike the everyday name dropper, Michael Pertwee is never a bore.

"Name Dropping" is not available in Australia but can be ordered through leading bookshops. Hardback retails for \$10.30, paperback, \$6.05.



English actress-singer Petula Clark. Her first movie role was in one of Pertwee's films.



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For the changing generation



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Write a caption and win this original Norman Lindsay.

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Write what you will, it could win you this Norman Lindsay original. Just think what lies you could tell your dinner guests.

Clip your entry coupon from this week's Bulletin (Issue dated 21-28 December) and send in your entry. There's no limit to the number you may send.

Also for your holiday reading, commencing in this issue a major new series on the World's Great Faiths and their Followers. The Christians, The Jews, The Buddhists, The Muslims. This week, the Christians. And "Optimism," by the talents of Robert Morley, Ross Campbell, Ron Saw, Batman and Hugh Cudlipp.

THE BULLETIN

AUSTRALIA'S OWN NEWS MAGAZINE.

Bikes are in again but —

Tom's been 'with it' for more than 50 years

Today one of the most trendy ways of getting from place to place is by that old-time favorite, the bicycle.

ONE of the bicycle's most stalwart supporters in Australia is veteran Queenslander Tom Wallace. He's been riding, making, and selling them for more than half a century.

At 73, Tom, a former Australian cycling champion, goes for a daily spin before opening up his bicycle shop in Lutwyche, Brisbane.

His four-mile ride at 6 a.m. in the fresh morning air gives him a good start for the day. "But I don't go if it's raining. I don't like cycling in the rain.

"Bicycles have always been, and still are, my life," Tom Wallace told me, standing in his store surrounded by rows of bicycles.

He's of medium height and nuggety-looking, with a tanned face and brown eyes, and looks nowhere near 70.

Bicycles have taken Tom to some strange places — even on to the stage of the Folies Bergeres.

That was about 15 years ago when he and his wife, Maud, were in Paris to see the world cycling championships.

He was asked to give a cycling demonstration on the stage of the Folies Bergeres.

Tom did — with the tall, beautiful chorus girls lined up behind him.

Nude? . . . "They weren't far off it!" said Tom, his brown eyes laughing at the recollection.

"A leading girl asked me . . . 'Where do you come from?' When I said, Australia, she said . . . 'Will you give me a big Australian

kiss?' With that, the crowd clapped like blazes."

And did he?

"I did," said Tom. "Yes, my wife was there in the audience, enjoying every bit of it. They presented me with a bottle of cognac."

Tom's wife died about ten years ago. She didn't ride a bike of her own. "Couldn't really balance," said Tom. But they had a bicycle built for two.

"We used to ride tandem. Maud would pedal behind me and we went very well like that. We used to go to Sandgate, about 13 miles away, for a swim."

Tom has a number of medals for cycling. He won the title, Champion of Australia, ordinary track, at the Brisbane Exhibition Grounds in 1929.

Some years ago the Brisbane City Council named a small reserve in Lutwyche Wallace Place as a tribute to him.

Tom Wallace still prefers riding a bike to motoring.

On Sundays he does about 25 miles. "I take a hat if it's hot, and a pair of cycling shoes, and go down to Sandgate and back."

It's the same road he travelled on a bicycle built for two.

— JEAN BRUCE



RIGHT: Tom Wallace, surrounded by bicycles in a section of his store's display room at Lutwyche, Brisbane.

ECONOMY CONTEST RESULTS

Hundreds of readers sent in tips for saving money in these days of rising costs. We chose the most practical and interesting ideas for prizes ranging from \$50 to \$5. The prize-winning entries are published below.

\$50 prizewinners

Profits from "shop"

Firstly, take about \$20 and buy the specials of your choice; also note the current price. The goods are put into a reserve cupboard which I then use as a shop. On requiring, say, a jar of coffee or a tin of fruit, I pay the current price for it, the profit going into a fund for myself.

I have been doing this for years, and have been able to keep myself in cosmetics and pantyhose from the proceeds. — **Mrs. D. Morris, Earlwood, N.S.W.**

Stretch housekeeping money

My husband has a small percentage of his pay put into the bank each week and leaves the passbook at the bank. This way we don't know how much money we have, but when we do ask the bank it gives us a joyous pride to know that the little figures in the book are getting bigger. It also gives me more determination to save harder by budgeting my household allowance.

I write out my cheque for the week to cover groceries, meat, bread, etc., the same amount each week. I sometimes haven't much left after getting the necessities, but I make it stretch and if I need anything I say to myself, "If I lived in the country I couldn't run to the corner store and get it," so I substitute something else. — **Mrs. Marlene Hill, Moura, Qld.**

Bank pay at once

I am a single working girl. I bank my pay straight away after allowing for board and sundry expenses for the following week. Then, if I see something I want, I have to wait until the following Friday (pay-day).

By then I have either forgotten about it or had second thoughts and decided against it. The bother of withdrawing the extra money is another reason. Also, once a deposit is made, the money starts to earn interest.

I have been working for five years, and have had a holiday away from my State every year, including a four-week Cherry Blossom cruise. I purchased my own car in November, 1973, as well as having all I want in clothing and cosmetics. — **Miss L. Agnew, Rockhampton, Qld.**

"Mum's Christmas Box"

My husband, who is self-employed, must take his holidays at Christmas, the most expensive time of the year. As we always go away for a vacation, expenses are a real problem. To cope with this over the past few years I have started what the children call "Mum's Christmas Box."

Each week, after July, when I visit the local supermarket to collect the weekly grocery order, I add an extra item of whatever is on special and place it in a

box which I put aside. By the time Christmas comes I have enough grocery items to feed us for two weeks. This way I also manage to add some of the more luxurious items which we all enjoy at Christmas.

I find this a saving in a number of ways. Almost all items are bought at "special" prices and, even so, it is incredible to compare current prices with those bought earlier in the year. Besides this, we take this box away with us on holidays and it saves buying grocery items at the small country places we visit, where the items are always more expensive. — **Mrs. J. Watkins, Chatswood, N.S.W.**

Cut sandwiches and deep-freeze

My economy tip is to have a ready supply of cut sandwiches which I deep-freeze. It does away with the temptation to eat out should we decide to go on a picnic, travel, or if the men folk go fishing; and there's definitely no need for bought school lunches.

One day a week I cut piles of sandwiches with varied fillings. I keep a list of fillings the family enjoys. Each group is packed individually in lunch-box size, wrapped, and labelled. Each person selects a lunch from the freezer. This has resulted in a big saving to me over the year. — **Mrs. G. Wearne, Moe, Vic.**

After-Christmas bargains

Even if I am holidaying in another State, I always visit the major stores on December 27 (or whenever the stores re-open). Christmas goods are sold for a song, and I buy my next year's Christmas cards at a quarter the price. I also pick up cheaply one or two extra decorations for next year's tree. — **Mrs. Daphne Parkinson, Strathmore, Vic.**

Curb extravagance

One of my greatest joys has always been impulse buying. Coming to Australia from New Zealand with a large house to furnish, and with all the extra variety of temptations available, my extravagance was becoming a serious threat to our budget. I have solved this by becoming a "working girl" again — in that I receive a weekly pay packet.

My employment is the care of my husband's two pre-school children, plus his eldest child before and after school, while he is at work. We have decided that the fact that they are my children too is irrelevant.

The amount concerned is what normally would have been banked for "rainy day" money. It is still banked, although by me in my own account, and only if I want to. I have withdrawn from the joint cheque account which my husband and I shared, mainly because I felt

he was too tolerant of some of my really extravagant splurges. I am much meaner with myself. How I hate having to draw from my little nest egg for some purchase which could have been done without.

On the other hand, how satisfying to be able to take full advantage of genuine, once-only bargains. Our food money goes further, as I find it extremely embarrassing having to draw out, say, 63c, to cover an impulsive purchase of a packet of chocolate biscuits! — **Dorothy Simes, Mayfield, N.S.W.**

Sell old belongings

In our family we all decided to go through our old belongings, including jewellery, toys, art objects, records, etc., and advertise in our local newspaper, under the "For Sale" column, all our bits and pieces. This resulted in our gaining over \$280 for things we never used. Not only did we save quite a bit of money, but the people buying from us got some very reasonably priced gifts for Christmas. — **Mrs. M. Dalton, Redhead, N.S.W.**

Save \$1 a week

Each week I deduct \$1 from my usual grocery allowance. With this \$1 I buy groceries for my store box. They could be items on "special," staples, or some luxury item. At the end of 12 weeks you should have enough goods, apart from refrigerated lines, to be able

to deduct nearly all your grocery allowance and use it for some item you have long wanted, to pay an account, or to save separately.

I save mine for my driver's licence, etc. This gives me great pleasure, as I feel I am not taking any extra money from the household account for what is a necessity (but getting to belong to the luxury bracket). — **Mrs. D. Watkins, Kendale, W.A.**

Money-saving gifts

Since becoming a pensioner nearly two years ago, when my family ask what I would like for my birthday, Mother's Day, and Christmas, I ask for washing powders, steel wool, toilet rolls, face cream and face powder, insect sprays, and other such useful articles, on which I grudge spending money.

At first they thought I was joking, but when I convinced them I was serious, they did a wonderful job of supplying me these items, thus leaving me with a little spare cash to spend as I wished to. One son, more sensitive (or snobbish!) said, "Fancy telling anyone you gave your mother a dozen toilet rolls for Christmas."

He went along with the idea when I pointed out that I already had nighties, slippers, etc. from previous years, and these necessities were what I really wanted. — **"Mrs. Mac," (name supplied), Parkville, Vic.**

Consolation prizewinners

\$10 each

Dye socks and shirts

I never discard old and yellowing nylon socks and shirts. Depending on the ages of children, and the colors of their school uniforms, these can be dyed and used by other members of the family. For instance, the white socks and blouses of my 15-year-old daughter were dyed grey and blue respectively, and have been used by my 13-year-old son all year. By doing this I have saved many dollars over the years. — **Mrs. Dot Johnston, Fishing Point, N.S.W.**

Pensioner's saving scheme

I get the age pension. You would not think you could save on it, but I do, using this

method. Say pension is due for a fortnight on January 1. Don't cash cheque until January 2. When next cheque is due January 14, don't cash it until January 16. Do this with seven cheques, and you will have saved one whole pension cheque or three a year, nearly \$200, plenty for a nice holiday. — **"Pensioner" (name supplied), Perth, W.A.**

\$5 each

Transport "co-op"

Moving to a new area, I noticed that each of the housewives in our outskirt suburb used their own cars to go shopping each week. Hoping to save money and to get to know my neighbors, I introduced myself and suggested that we form a shopping transport co-op. Six

welcomed the suggestion, so each week for a month we use one member's car in turn. Each week one of us, in turn, stays home as a baby-sitter for the others' children, while the rest shop for the sitter. — **Mrs. D. Ridgley, Broadway, Qld.**

Fuel saver

I find using a steamer for cooking vegetables very economical, as this only requires one hotplate to be used for them all. This results in a saving in fuel costs. Practically all vegetables can be steamed and they retain more of their natural goodness this way. If some require shorter cooking time than others, they can be added later. Also, if having a braise or other stew, a custard can be steamed over this in a deep enamel plate, for the

required time — in fact, a braise with vegetables in it, and a custard steamed on top, only requires one hotplate. — **Mrs. J. Rayment, Ringwood, Vic.**

Make cosmetics last longer

I have obtained more than six extra applications of various cosmetics from even the smallest container by the following method. Stand container in hot (not boiling) water for a few minutes. This frees make-up clinging to sides of container, and softens hardened make-up at the bottom. — **Mrs. M. R. Brown, Ryde, N.S.W.**

Shopping "co-op"

When fruit and vegetables rose to such a high price, we formed a small co-op

with five families. Once a fortnight we take it in turns to go to the city markets (except the driver), as the other four work part-time. For a family of four, it costs between \$8 and \$10 per fortnight.

Each family gets half a case of oranges, 2/5ths case apples, 1/5th case bananas, 1/5th case pears; these are the basic fruits. We buy other fruits in season. Potatoes, onions, and carrots we buy every third trip; fresh greens every trip, and these keep very well in the fridge. Since forming the co-op we have all broadened our tastes with endives, zucchini, corn, mangoes, and other things that normally we wouldn't buy.

I have three times as much fruit for my money now and the children can eat it whenever they like. We are

living much better than we did before we formed the co-op. We have been marketing for just over 12 months and even though food costs have risen I haven't had to increase my housekeeping allowance. — **Mrs. Jose Suey, Bankstown, N.S.W.**

Measure ingredients

I have found that a good way to economise is to measure everything used instead of guessing. You would be quite surprised how much further ingredients go. I measure flour, tea, sugar, and just about everything, including laundry and bathroom toiletries. A few plastic measures kept handy save time and money. — **Mrs. J. Wood, Wamberal, N.S.W.**

A little bit of England on your toast
In a world of changing values, there are still traditional qualities to be enjoyed.

Coffee pot: Sheffield Silver Plate, 1860; Cup and Saucer: Rockingham, 1870; Serviette ring: Victorian Silver, 1880
(with Damask napkin and table cloth, 1897); *Marmalade: Rose's (Lime), 1865-1975.*



A writer on a visit to faction-torn Portugal found an unexpected and charming link with Australia — a TRAVELLER'S TALE, by Alan Myler . . .

MARIA had insisted on taking me on a picnic to see the giant gum trees in Lisbon's Monsanto Park — thus ignoring ominous radio reports that morning — September 28 — hinting at a possible fresh political upheaval in faction-torn Portugal.

Maria, a vivacious Portuguese, wanted to explain the "Legend of the Eucalyptus" — in a setting befitting an Australian visitor. Not that she entirely believed in the legend, but, as she said: "There could be some truth in it. No?"

Dumbfounded

For myself, on a "mission in Portugal" — researching a novel based upon that nation's tumultuous period — the legend came as something of a bonus.

I had earlier been amazed — dumbfounded, really — in my journeys throughout the country, to see that gum trees grew in ordered profusion on the mountain slopes —

towards the city and the park beyond.

Maria, like all Portuguese drivers, is incredibly expert at the wheel, having been brought up as a child in the "dodgem-car-school" — training received by going to the many festivals, part of the country's cultural lifeblood.

She honked the horn at each intersection, at each passing car, even at an alley cat scampering up some stone steps hundreds of yards away.

With no seat-belts in the old Morris, I gripped the flagon, thinking that, if I had to "go" in this mysterious, yet enchanting country, it would be best if I had a belly-full of its delicious wine.

We shot through Praca do Comercio (Black Horse Square) and I barely had a chance to get a glimpse of King Joseph I in the saddle, peering out over the wide Tagus.

And up we went towards the Rossio — to be met by the road block. Soldiers with automatic rifles at the ready were busily searching cars

that day, September 28, his hero-image was somewhat tarnished by the propaganda of his opponents.

The soldier decided to make a more intensive search because of her almost treasonable remarks — and, when finished, embarked upon putting me through the cleaners! Was I French, Italian? Perhaps English?

I retorted (timidly) with some good old Aussie, lacing my phrases with "matey" and "Good blokes, the Portuguese." And I made a French gesture, kissing my curled thumb and forefingers, when I spoke in complimentary terms about the lovely senhoras of Portugal. Maria gave me a delicious smile.

The soldier let down his guard. He grinned knowingly, warmly. "Is Skippy real?" he asked, moving the gun-barrel away from my teeth.

I smiled and said: "Of course. Very real. And Australia, by the way, is over-run with kangaroos just like him. And, incidentally, over-run by eucalypts, too."

"Ah. The eucalyptus," he



AUTHOR was surprised to find this stand of "Australian" trees in Portugal.

She smiled at my disbelief. "So, originally, you see, your beloved gum trees, as you call them, came from Portugal. It must be true. Look how well they grow here." She pointed upwards at the great tree with its shimmering leaves.

Another story

"This story," Senhor John Durao, a top official of a Portuguese paper pulp company told me later, "though quaint, is like most

grows from five to ten times faster. It is ready for harvesting, in fact, in about ten years, as against 60 to 100 years for the northern trees.

Durao explained that the gums, planted in gigantic plantations in many parts of Portugal, are cut down, after ten years, at a foot from the ground.

This is how Portugal makes full use of these trees for pulp manufacture.

About three branches are left to sprout. These grow incredibly tall and straight.

Durao, I went in search for added comments, and found myself in the plush office of another paper pulp company in Lisbon.

I was greeted most cordially by an attractive, dark-eyed woman executive, who ushered me into the big boardroom of Celbi, and handed me a bunch of booklets on her company's activities.

She was most desirous of giving a good impression, sat opposite me, chatted about my proposed "trip" to her

PORTUGAL'S 'LEGEND OF THE GUMS'

nursed, and given tender loving care.

They had made me nostalgic. But why? Why gum trees in Portugal? They seemed, in fact, to be as much a part of the rural scene as back home.

"Smell the gumleaf," said someone . . . and I did. And I even hugged a young sapling, to catch its full fragrance, and feel again the cool sheen of its trunk. So, my other, heavier research was to be temporarily halted for this one day's picnic into the "wilds" above Lisbon.

Maria had said we would eat under the spreading arms of one of the big ornamental gums in Monsanto, just to make me feel at home. And Monsanto, a huge nature reserve on the mountain overlooking the beautiful, modern-cum-mediaeval city on the banks of the Tagus, has many gums.

Faced hazards

One thing Maria had not reckoned with as she packed the hamper — and filled the wicker-encased demijohn with vinho tinto (red wine) — was that the political situation was growing worse each minute.

Soon we were bumping along the winding, cobblestoned streets, heading

for "bombs or guns." Tempers were frayed.

Fear was running through the city like quicksilver — "The fascists," I heard, "planned a counter-revolution in a bid to regain power."

I was told later that the public rally called to lend support that day to General Antonio de Spínola was called off, by himself, under pressure from the leftists in the armed forces, and it was this non-event which spelled the general's political demise.

Hundreds were arrested,

said, rubbing the gun-barrel against his thin moustache, and with a faraway look in his dark eyes. "My earliest memory is the smell of the leaves. My mother used them as a remedy for the head-cold."

Like many younger Portuguese, he spoke good English. And French. We were allowed to go through. And it wasn't long before we were under the shade of that big ghost gum with its elongated leaves.

Maria and I ate, and drank from the wine cask and it was then she told me

of our Portuguese legends. They contain little truth."

And Durao, like most businessmen, is a down-to-earth type. He has to be. For his company, Socel Society Industrial Celuloses, is one of Portugal's major pulp producers — making pulp from eucalyptus trees, pulp destined for paper manufacture in other countries, mainly Sweden.

So, Durao, in his plush office on the fifth floor of a skyscraper just around the corner from the great Pombal statue, debunked the legend. "In fact, the

Another ten years passes, and a second cut is made, leaving the same stump to sprout little saplings again.

Another one or two cuts are made and, at the ripe old age of 40 years, the stump which has produced such fine timber, is dragged out to make room for a new seedling from one of the hundreds of eucalyptus nurseries.

It is a big industry, employing thousands of men and women. Socel alone has 17,000 hectares planted and has more than 1000 employees.

About 80 percent of its pulp is exported to Sweden and Finland. But, as Durao explained, the new government was considering establishing a pilot plant for paper production, thus helping both Portugal's economy and the world paper shortage.

He added, too, that Portugal was one of the world's largest producers of gum for the manufacture of resins.

Why do eucalypts thrive in Portugal? It's the climate, say the Portuguese, with a shrug of the shoulders at such an idiotic question. "Isn't Portugal the best country in the world?" they add, with raised eyebrows.

After thanking Senhor

company's pulping mill up north . . . began to talk about technical details. I was out of my depth. I blinked.

I explained again I was an Australian journalist.

She blinked and said: "But aren't you Senhor —?"

"No," I said, shaking my head. "To be honest . . ."

She jumped up, vanished into her own office, returned with a letter and handed it to me.

Wrong man

It was a typewritten letter from an Australian forestry expert, at present working on research in the U.S. He said he had "heard" that the Portuguese made paper pulp from gum trees, no less — and could he please come on a visit? To inspect the plantations? The pulping mill?

I laughed. For once in my journalistic career, I had beaten an expert to the punch.

Mysterious Portugal, I decided, having thanked the senhora (who was still blushing, and a little puzzled by the error) is a land of incredible coincidences. Of revolutions. Of legends.

But the yarn which impressed me most was the "Legend of the Gums."

TALK OF TREES CALMED SOLDIER

even those carrying rifles bought only the previous day, at the beginning of the hunting season.

I held my breath as the young, suntanned soldier made a painstaking search of Maria's car.

It was when he poked the muzzle of the automatic rifle into her hamper that her Latin temper flared — almost overstepping the bounds of good Portuguese decorum.

She made it clear she was a supporter of the famous general who was instrumental in bringing down the 50-year fascist regime. But

the legend, which many Portuguese firmly believe.

In her words, it goes something like this:

"Eons ago, a great chunk of an iceberg broke off the Iberian Peninsula, in the north of what is now Portugal. The iceberg carried a cargo of 'gum-nuts'. On entering the Great Southern Ocean, it melted, thus unloading its eucalyptus seeds on the Australian shores as the tropical sun melted the ice. Soon, the little gum trees sprung up . . . multiplied . . . thus covering your whole continent."

eucalyptus tree (eucalyptus globulus) originally came from Australia," he told me.

"It was introduced into Portugal at the end of the 19th century by a Swedish engineer, C. D. Ekman. It was he who was the first to spot the potential of this fast-growing tree as raw material for pulping."

He also explained that paper pulp was first produced from gum trees in Portugal in the 1920s.

It appears that the chief advantage the gum tree has over its Swedish rivals, such as pine or spruce, is that it

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Right: Ken (Peter Fonda) is one of three friends who set out on a hunting trip which turns out to be very different from their usual annual vacation.



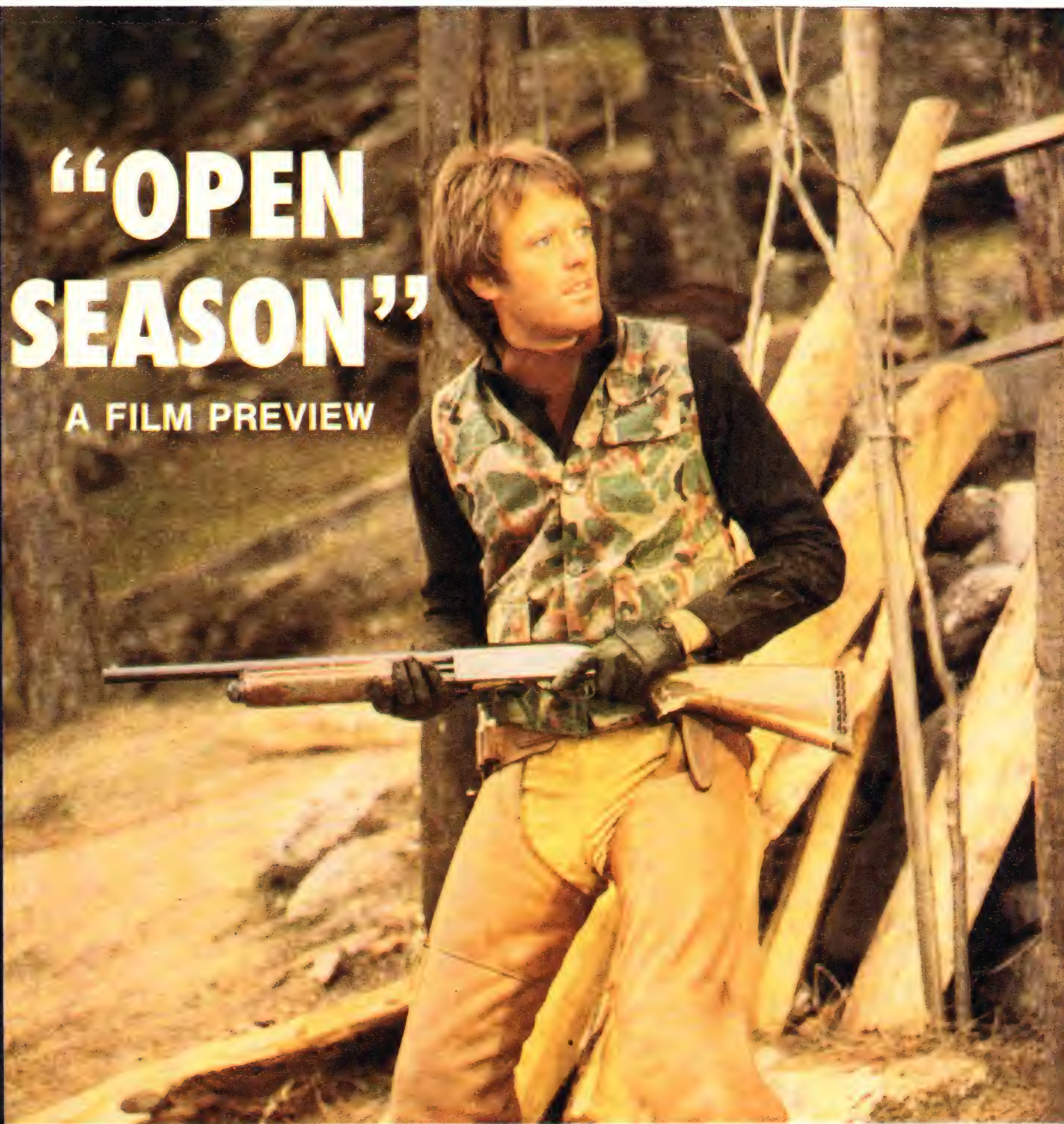
Above: Cornelia Sharpe, who plays Nancy, a kidnap victim, in the film, rugged up to keep warm between takes on location. Right, William Holden, who guest stars as Hal Wolkowski, an older neighbor of the three young men.



Above: Nancy feels safer when she finds a rifle during a frantic attempt to escape from her kidnappers. Right: Ken and Art (Richard Lynch) suddenly find themselves being hunted by an unknown rifleman.

"OPEN SEASON"

A FILM PREVIEW



FORMER romantic lead, William Holden, has a guest-star role as "an older man" in a new Columbia production "Open Season," starring Peter Fonda.

The film concerns the hunting trip of three friends. Ken Frazer (Fonda), Greg Anderson (John Phillip Law), and Art Wallace (Richard Lynch). They have known each other for years, at university and on active service.

Married and "settled", they have a reunion vacation trip every year in their log cabin in the wilds. For two weeks they live hard and drink hard, free of domestic restraint and responsibility. This year the trip starts as usual.

There's a farewell barbecue with wives and children, plus a guest, Wolkowski (William Holden), a new neighbor.

Next day on the road to the cabin, it's booze and girls — until their destiny gets locked with a young married girl weekending at the same motel with another girl's husband.

The amiability and respectability of the three comrades is a surface gloss on savagery, and their hostilities soon erupt.

Their holiday takes a sharp change of direction.

Why hunt four-legged game, they ponder. Why not human prey? Why not toy with the victim first?

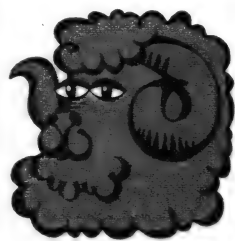
But they are not the only hunters in the woods, so who will survive?

The film, produced by Jose S. Vicuna and directed by Peter Collinson, will be released soon in Australia.

Screenplay is by David Osborn and Liz Charles-Williams.



YOUR STARS FOR 1975 by ELSA MURRAY



ARIES

March 21-April 20

Some difficulties to be overcome, but in general a year of change and growth, possibly through travel or overseas interests.

IN GENERAL

YOU can't bear interference or restriction of any kind. Independence, freedom of action, and constant change are the breath of life to you. In 1975 your love of freedom will be even stronger and you will have no patience with outmoded conventions. Influences are positive and constructive, and your mind will be more active, more flexible, and receptive to new ideas. Optimism and confidence, seasoned with a healthy dash of commonsense, all tend to make you overcome trials and tribulations that would sorely hamper and even defeat others.

It's so easy for impulsive Aries to go off the rails. Obstacity is your problem and it stems from your basic fear of being held back or thwarted. This fear can sometimes cause you to be aggressive or belligerent. Save your strength for something worthwhile, and don't let the emotional desire to win overwhelm commonsense.

HEART

YOUR ardor, warmth, generosity, and the desire to be near people are the qualities that add up to love — for you. To be in love is an experience that delights you, but it usually means not the submergence of your

ego in another's, but rather an attempt to submerge the other's ego in yours. If you accomplish this, you can become bored and restless. On the other hand if you do not succeed, you can become hostile and quarrelsome. For Aries, mature love is a long road indeed, but it can hold the richest treasures, simply because you work harder for it. Sound counsel for an Arian who wants everlasting romance: begin slowly, let the fire build gradually.

Venus may exert beneficial influences from late January, February to mid March, early April to May, early June, early August, late November to beginning of December.

There is a possibility of difficulties in early January, late June to July, October, late December.

MONEY

THIS year Jupiter will be in your sign, and this generally implies good fortune, but at times

of adverse influences when Saturn is making his presence known, there could be reversals. However the Jupiter position tends to minimise, to some degree, the ill effects. He bestows his favors early in the year and at the beginning of August. Late June and early July could prove troublesome.

You are a money-maker, but also unfortunately, a money-spender to at least an equal degree. It is very difficult to stick to a budget. Charge accounts are a major pitfall for you. Try to exercise commonsense and thrift.

YOUR JOB

PROFESSIONAL matters are due for a change, and with the beneficial influences of Jupiter, difficulties should be overcome. Detachment from the past is necessary, even with a complete break, and there are signs of fresh and interesting contacts overseas. On the job an atmosphere of tension is likely, late March to mid

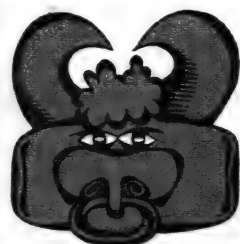
April, when Saturn will slow things up and consequently irritate your impetuous nature.

HOME

SATURN will affect the family scene, so the home tune will be slightly off key from time to time.

ADVICE

YOU are outspoken and seldom pull a punch, and this often leads to difficult situations. These complications are entirely unnecessary. Try to follow your own intuition, and you will see and do the right things. When making important decisions, you should be entirely alone. This will help you this year, as signs indicate change. You are valuable and brilliant in conversation and very sure of your conclusions and criticisms, but frequently you are off beam. So this year make an effort to be more temperate. Bone up on discretion, tact.



TAURUS

April 21-May 20

Aspects are very promising for professional matters in 1975, with the chance of ending the year richer than you start it.

IN GENERAL

AMBITION for achievement and wealth and the willingness to work hard and patiently for it are Taurus' most noticeable qualities. You have much ability for planning, organising, and managing, and an excellent basic money sense. You have a talent for making money, but it has no special value to you except for the good it will do. Your Taurean head for figures, plus your integrity and reliability, make you the best of all managers of other people's money and you have a special gift for real estate, accountancy, or brokerage. You are slow to anger, but once

aroused find it difficult to stay on an even keel. When so excited you can never be touched by argument. Words infuriate you and the best assistance that can be rendered you is to leave you well alone until the wrath has abated.

HEART

YOU tend to be possessive, even in fairly casual relationships and as the romantic situation develops, you grow even more demanding. You seldom demand more than you are willing to give, but possessiveness and jealousy combine to make the relationship — and you — a drag on your

partner. Try to understand that you act like this only because you require vast amounts of reassurance and emotional security. Stop demanding constant reassurance. During the year romantic problems are likely to arise, nothing serious if you use commonsense. In fact, out of this could come the happy, lasting relationship that is your ideal.

The periods when you should be able to communicate sociably are from beginning to mid January, late February, March, late May to June, late August to early September, late December.

There may be friction during late January and early February, late April to early May, late September to early October, and early November.

MONEY

FINANCE may have its ups and downs at the beginning of the year but the situation improves

later. You are the money-oriented sign of the Zodiac, the whiz kid where the cash is concerned. You are never completely broke, you always have money to fall back on. Never overlook your aptitude for business. Exploit your excellent money sense to the full. With your practical approach, you are not easily drawn into get-rich-quick schemes. If you have a windfall, rather than spend it on trivialities you find a solid investment, most probably real estate. Legal problems should be solved and there are signs of new and stimulating business contacts.

YOUR JOB

INFLUENCES show gains from new contacts. Naturally there will be some difficulties and more responsibility, but you will cope. The year also favors creative activities in music or art, and this could lead to a profitable sideline.

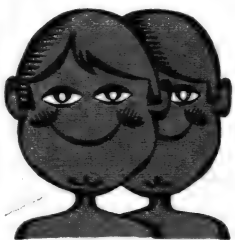
HOME

KEEP free from anger and jealousy, and the family differences that are likely to occur during the year will come to nought. In some cases, it would be advisable to adopt an attitude of "live and let live" for the sake of peace.

ADVICE

YOU should adopt silence and patience as a daily exercise. You must learn to make decisions and not be influenced by those around you. One of your problems is your aversion to change.

Do some mental free-wheeling, get with it, realise there has to be change, large or small, for better or worse. With your determination and willpower, you will see the positive benefits immediately. Finally, accept constructive criticism in the spirit in which it is offered. Take the jumps as they come, and have fun in the process.



GEMINI

May 21-June 21

Promising aspects for 1975, with job opportunities and the chance of getting more money — if you go slowly and persevere.

IN GENERAL

GEMINIAN individuals are dual in nature, clever, happy, charming, brilliant, and with wonderful powers of imagination. You can also be contrary, baffling, and exasperating. This is due to your unstable airy disposition, which makes you reflect every change and phase of your environment. You live mostly in the mind and have a great love of intellectual pursuits. You are active and positive, very adaptable and versatile, and clever with your hands. Your effervescence and adaptability can sometimes distort into nervous unrest, changeability,

and indecision, flaws that must be overcome before progress can be achieved. You are easily bored and sometimes you start things, leave them half done, and turn to something else. You consider that the grass is greener in the other pasture.

HEART

GEMINIAN duality is likely to cause problems in your love life. You can often have two or more romances going at the same time — playing the field — and deriving much satisfaction from this situation. If discovered, you make with the provocative banter, and

use the wool-over-the-eyes procedure. Your romantic relationships tend toward the intellectual. Unfortunately your feelings haven't any real depth. Yet you crave an idyllic relationship, and when you embark on a new romance your intentions are honest. Your fickleness is due to the fact that you can love with one side of your nature, while the other side starts to reason and to criticise — thus nullifying the love impulse.

Venus will be in a favorable mood late January to early February, late March, May, late June to mid July, early August, and late September.

Differences of opinion could arise late February to early March, April, early September, late October, November, late December.

MONEY

ASPECTS for the year are promising, with many opportuni-

ties. There will be more money too, but the problem will be how you spend it, or should I say give it away. It would be wise to enter into all financial dealings slowly, that is, to think well before making important decisions. In such situations you experience the two-way pull of your nature, and you should realise how necessary it is to cultivate perseverance. At times your changeability can stand you in good stead should your financial position undergo an unexpected shift, because you adjust well to new circumstances. Your versatility is amazing, but here lies a weakness, for so volatile is your nature that you find it difficult to stay put for long. In this way, worry through instability of finance often comes upon you. Beware some tricky, muddling influences at the end of the year.

YOUR JOB

THE professional aspects are good, and there will be many

opportunities. You are quite capable of holding down two jobs, but it wouldn't be wise, as health would suffer.

HOME

THE home front shows slight "fall out" — not serious, and possibly even caused by your complex nature. Try to tackle these difficulties with love and understanding. Give more of yourself and a suitable solution will be found.

ADVICE

BEING a dual sign, with the Twins pulling in an opposite direction most of the time, you have many talents and when choosing a career the knotty problem is to decide which one, and having decided, to stick with it. Do something about this restlessness of spirit and strive for the quality of perseverance. You often suffer hurt from people you have put on a pedestal — so watch it this year.

Continued page 28



if it's cola you like...
but calories you don't

The trouble with some low calorie cola's is they don't taste like cola. This one does and you'll know it when you try it. After all, you have to give up a lot of things to lose a little weight... why give up that good cola taste? In every convenient size at every convenient supermarket. 250 ml and 370 ml cans. 750 ml and 900 ml bottles.

YOUR STARS FOR 1975

FROM PAGE 26



CANCER June 22-July 22

The year will be one of hard work — but satisfying if you like your job. You could have money luck.

IN GENERAL

YOU are very emotional and sensitive, extremely romantic, and have a vivid imagination. Like the crab, your Zodiac symbol, you are very tenacious. You are psychic and feel so strongly that quite often you pick up and echo the thoughts of others. A short time spent in a fresh locality often results in the unconscious absorption of the manners and vocal intonation of the people around you. This ability to absorb the nature of others should warn you to choose carefully your environment and friends.

You have a warm, affectionate,

and sociable nature, but you are really shy and timid underneath. Overcome these feelings of inferiority and don't sell yourself short. You have many abilities and talents. One of your irritating minus qualities is nagging. It is very important to exert effort to curb this.

HEART

YOU crave love — and lavish it. You are dreamy, romantic, and extremely vulnerable. Because you idealise people, you suffer greatly if they topple from their pedestals. You are a faithful spouse, but

unfortunately a possessive, jealous, and suspicious one. These hang-ups are frustrating and ruin your hopes of achieving happiness in affairs of the heart. A romantic partner who feels under suspicion all the time will either decide one may as well have the game as the name and look for greener pastures, or just go off into the wide blue yonder. Accentuate the positives, peel off the negatives that cause hindrance and upset your chances of happiness. You have very strong family ties, but moderation is necessary here, for some relatives are capable of using you.

There are some good positive influences late February to early March, late April to end of May, late July, August to early September, early November, late December.

Negative aspects: late January to early February, late March to early April, late September, October, early December.

MONEY

A STROKE of luck that could come your way this year will gladden your heart. Most of your worries tend to hover round money. There is no need for this, as money seems to come your way automatically — there's always something in the kitty. About the end of March — beginning of April, you may experience some muddle and there could be loss through bad judgment. Again some possible upset late September — early October. However, you have a well-developed financial sense.

YOUR JOB

THERE will be a lot of hard work in 1975 and some small difficulties, but with a spot of luck you could pull the rabbit out of the hat. If there is an unhappy or unpleasant working atmosphere, you will not function well, and there are signs of change.

HOME

WITH Saturn in Cancer your natural protective sense toward family and loved ones will be even stronger. Don't let this develop into smothering possessiveness.

ADVICE

MAIN stumbling block for Cancerians is their hypersensitivity and their vulnerability to slight or injury — real or imaginary. As the year is going to be one of hard work, try to do something about this over-sensitive side of your nature. Get rid of the "glooms" and clamp down on those worrying spells. You will find that not only disposition, but also your digestion will improve. You folk have a great aptitude for learning, and music has a special appeal. It would be a good year to start a hobby — or to travel. For a long time you have had a yen for faraway, exotic places. You will enjoy meeting people.



LEO July 23-August 22

A curious year. There will be opportunities for success but a need for tact and patience to make the most of them.

IN GENERAL

LEO individuals are proud, passionate, ambitious, and irrepressible, delighting in all that is big in life. It has been said that you are born commanders and you certainly rank among the world's best organisers and methodisers. You are very capable of exercising authority, but here you must be careful of the inclination to be arrogant and self-centred, ignoring responsibilities to others. There is a debit and credit side to all people. The aim in life should be to make the most of the exceptional assets you have and try to minimise the debits. You are an extremely lucky

hunch player in all matters except the one involving people. Here you often suffer disappointment, probably because you have allowed yourself to get carried away by flattery — your vulnerable spot.

HEART

IN love affairs you are ardent and have definite tastes and preferences. You are drawn to physical appearance — not always an accurate guide. You should look beyond externals. You expect your partner to live up to your high standards and ideals and if that person doesn't fit the bill, a peculiar quirk in your nature pops

up. If the physical attraction is strong you turn a blind eye to shortcomings. Consequently when the ardor wears off you wake up to reality and are depressed and disillusioned. Learn to accept people as they are. Don't idealise them. You often ruin a relationship by being too bossy, and your partner, if a strong character, will flee for cover leaving you with the meek and submissive — the type you abhor.

You should experience beneficial aspects round late March, late May, late June to early July, mid August to mid September, late November to early December.

There could be difficulties and misunderstandings in January, April to early May, early June, late September, October, early November, late December.

MONEY

SUCCESS is your potential and, being ruled by the sun, it's more

than likely that you will reach the top. You do your best in a position of authority and responsibility, but there are certain tendencies that should be curbed. Many of you ruin your luck by being over-bearing. There will be opportunities for gain this year, so if you get a stranglehold on these traits you'll be able to sit back and watch the job and loot potential multiply.

Around October an atmosphere of delay, depression, and discouragement may be felt. Stick it out passively until the influence passes. This will help to build up the energy units for the next bout of money making.

YOUR JOB

THERE could be some difficulties in this department, but a lot will depend on you. Bring out the diplomacy and tact, listen to the opinions of others, and you will succeed with a satisfactory solution.

Around October, you may notice some sag and drag.

HOME

THERE could be some problems on the home front. Use the soft pedal and play the situation by ear and instinct.

ADVICE

YOU are inclined to be hot-headed. Your explosions don't last long, but people could misunderstand. Another obstacle that could affect your success, is your love of luxury and pleasure. You like your bread buttered on both sides, the edges as well. Be more provident and far-sighted, and above all avoid debt. You will probably make a number of new friends this year. Beware the self-seekers. Remember you have an Achilles heel, you love flattery. People on the make will quickly recognise this weakness.



VIRGO August 23-September 23

In 1975 there will be more financial stability and security, plus the possibility of a new job. You can expect problems with people.

IN GENERAL

YOU are shrewd, discriminative, diplomatic, quietly active, and reserved. You are often thought harsh, but the truth is that behind this cold matter-of-fact exterior, you are extremely kind and sympathetic. If you are in a position of authority over others, being a perfectionist, you can sometimes be too exacting and demanding. But it is to your credit that you are much more so with yourself. Develop your sense of humor; yes you have one. Admittedly, it is dry, sceptical and often caustic, but when properly used it will give you a more balanced, perspective.

HEART

IN romantic relationships, your main needs are intellectual stimulation and companionship. The old myth that Virgo was prim, prissy, and undersexed, originated from an erroneous translation of the name given to the sign. The word really meant "a young nubile girl" implying budding desire and ardor, not obsessive chastity. The idea that you are cold, indifferent, and aloof, is totally wrong. You are warm and affectionate, but you don't wear your heart on your sleeve, because you are fussy and sensitive. If you wish for a lasting romance, try not to be hyper-

critical or sarcastic. If you must fire arrows, dip them in honey.

Positive influences early January, late March, mid April to early May, late June to early July, August, late December.

Negative aspects late January, February to early March, early April, late May to early June, October, late November to early December.

MONEY

YOU have no problem planning and keeping to a budget and your attention to detail makes it work. At times you are over-generous in your spending, then again, you can be penny-pinching. You should never worry about money. Though you may never be rich, you will always have enough to live comfortably. In the year ahead you could probably profit handsomely from investment. But if you are inexperienced in such things, be sure to consult an expert. Watch out for muddle and confusion at

the beginning of December. No need to worry, your built-in radar will see you through.

YOUR JOB

THERE is a possibility of job change this year, and after a few obstacles have been overcome everything should work out to your satisfaction and gain — and, more importantly, your happiness and peace of mind. More study may be needed for the new job, but you will enjoy this.

HOME

THE home ship could sail into a storm and you may be responsible. Perhaps you have made an unkind comment, or a hasty criticism. Virgo tend to be picky of people and things, and this is a great discouragement, especially for young folk. So clear the atmosphere by giving credit and praise where due.

ADVICE

POSSIBLE difficulties with people. Virgo have rather strict codes of conduct. They are perfectionists, follow set routines, and sometimes, if there are afflictions in the horoscope, can be cranky and fault-finding. Take an inventory of yourself, and see if these latter traits are present. If so, try to eradicate them, and you will find yourself back on the same wavelength with those nearest and dearest.

While this particular aspect is around, be careful, not only of what you say, but of what you write. In the heat of the moment you could dash off a few words; the result, an embarrassing situation. Try to be less demanding and realise that your perfectionist standards are beyond most people's ability to understand, let alone fulfil. Relax and don't allow the desire for perfection of detail to cloud your intelligence.



LIBRA

Sept. 24-Oct. 23

Revolutionary changes ahead in outlook, both on the job and at home. A cautious, more realistic approach to money will pay off.

IN GENERAL

YOU Libran folk are refined, artistic, very perceptive, intuitive and lovers of pleasure, beauty, harmony, and order. You seem to have the ability to mentally balance and arrive at an impartial judgment. You mentally compare and criticise everything, and sometimes carry this to excess, becoming irksome to those around you. Your mental powers are good and you desire mental improvement, often becoming very accomplished. However, being changeable and subject to fancies, you rarely study very deeply anything outside your profession.

HEART

YOU are romantic and sentimental. You thrive on involvements and attachments, excited and exhilarated by them. In short, you are "in love with love". You delight in the traditional trimmings — the build-up, gifts, etc., and consider all this as proof of affection and devotion. You also expect the ship of love to sail on smooth waters for ever and aye. When the storm blows up, you are shocked and flee for cover. Learn to ride out the squalls and appreciate the fine weather that follows. Realise that love must be shared, with give and take on both sides. Use your talent for weighing

and balancing, then make an impartial judgment about your romance. Get ready for revolutionary changes this year. They will affect heart matters, too.

There should be helpful influences late January to early February, early March, May, late July, August to early September, late November to the end of the year.

Tension and turmoil likely early January, late February, late March and April, June, late September, October to early November.

MONEY

YOU have two important strong influences in your basic nature that help you achieve financial success. You are endowed with the gifts of evaluating and making fair judgments. You work well in partnership if teamed with the right person. You have great powers of persuasion, and the potential to achieve wealth. It will be necessary to curb some of your negative

tendencies. Be less easy going, be more determined to reach the top, work hard, and don't expect praise for every move you make. Exert braking pressure on spending habits, especially this year. You may need some cash to fall back on if there are reversals. You are lucky with investment, and you favor anything associated with art, antiques, and securities issued by any company producing expensive luxury items.

YOUR JOB

A revolutionary change in outlook, lots of hard work, a few obstacles to overcome and the result will be rewarding. Give these changes some deep thought. Don't make it a spur of the moment thing. Preserve the image, and avoid embarrassing situations.

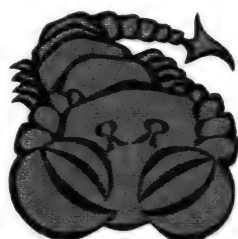
HOME

THIS change in outlook will also affect the home. Differences of opinion, prejudices, etc. could

upset elderly folk. You will find a practical solution — Libra always does.

ADVICE

WHEN an important issue is at stake you should make your decision entirely alone, as you are more or less subject to the mind action of others. If you follow your intuition, you will rarely be deceived or make a mistake. You should strive for order even in small things, and curb the desire for praise and appreciation. You are a delicately balanced person. There is this inner conflict caused by emotional feelings on one side and intellectual considerations on the other. Don't allow this "push-pull" to plunge you into a depressed mood. Recognise the conflict cause, and understand that it is your basic nature. I mentioned before that there will be revolutionary changes in outlook this year, so come down to earth, and don't spend your time dreaming in technicolor.



SCORPIO

Oct. 24-Nov. 22

The possibility of money coming your way almost by chance. At the year's end, an important planetary influence that indicates change.

IN GENERAL

YOU are an extreme, intense, and complex person, endowed with an abundance of riches. You have penetrating insight, drive, willpower, and energy. You are resourceful and have leadership ability. You know what you want and have the equipment to get it. At times people have difficulty in understanding you. In all probability they are awed by your talents and abilities. With your amazing insight and perceptivity you can sift out the true and the false in people and situations. Of course there are minor traits to discipline. Your temper is volcanic.

HEART

YOU possess very powerful drives in matters of the heart. Restrained and reserved in your platonic relationships, you are the direct opposite in romantic situations, being aggressive and uninhibited, and, of course, jealousy and possessiveness rear their heads — and in force. This leads to rebellion from the romantic partner. Sooner or later, most of you manage to tone down these minus tendencies and realise their futility. You have no trouble finding romantic partners; the problem is keeping them. In a permanent relationship, you are loyal and devoted, if your

physical needs are satisfied. If not, you will embark on adventures. You need a strong partner whose mental as well as physical powers match your own. So team up with the intense, not the tepid.

The influences could be favorable in March, May, July to late August, September to early October.

Possible muddle in late January to mid February, April, late October, November, December.

MONEY

SCORPIOS are favorably aspected to be successful investors in corporations engaged in mining, refining base metals, anything to do with machinery, transportation, banking, and finance. You have the stamina and perseverance to work out and live with a budget, and use it to your advantage. Money seems to come your way by chance, and the acquisition of it is one of the great

concerns of your life. Once you set yourself a goal, you work diligently and won't be side-tracked. The year could be a positive and constructive one, if you try to do something about the minus qualities that would certainly affect matters of business or money-making. Your lack of tact can be a stumbling block. It can ruin good opportunities with people you wish to impress, so watch it.

YOUR JOB

A constructive year for this section. You should profit by any mistakes of last year. Be careful from September to December.

HOME

FRIENDS will play a more important part in your life this year, and close relatives, especially the elderly, will be more amenable.

ADVICE

AS mentioned before, three problems confront you — anger,

jealousy, and passion. If permitted to hold sway they will destroy your integrity and ruin your life. You will probably take umbrage and say, "No such faults are mine." But this explosion probably means the target has been well hit. You are your own worst enemy. The only force in life that can defeat you is you yourself. Faults are difficult to overcome, but with your superior equipment you can succeed if you will. Try to curb those tendencies to be bossy. Dilute the acid of jealousy, and drop grudges the instant they begin to form. Correct these fears, then you will catch a glimpse of the wonderful possibilities of Scorpio. A tricky patch between September and December could swing the balance either up for good, or down for bad. Depending on other aspects, the positive influence would be gain by inheritance, or negatively, costly mistakes with people.



SAGITTARIUS

Nov. 23-Dec. 21

A year of surprises, with possible change of job or location, or both, some domestic difficulties, and the chance of making money.

IN GENERAL

YOU are lucky, a successful hunch player and speculator and you have been endowed with a pleasant amiable personality — the eternally cheerful, lovable brumby of the Zodiac. You are naturally friendly and light-hearted, and adaptable to any situation, providing it is not restrictive. Your radar intuition is always on target, and you can tell the outcome of any enterprise from its inception. Your flaws and faults hurt no one but yourself. Irresponsibility, inaccuracy, lack of purpose and direction, and chronic restlessness are the problems to be overcome.

There is also the touch of recklessness and impulsiveness found in all fire signs.

HEART

WITH your many attractive and appealing attributes, it is not surprising that you have great success with the opposite sex. Your relationships will be warm, friendly, and affectionate rather than tempestuous affairs based on the physical. You must have companionship, rapport, and considerable mutuality of interest and above all, honesty and frankness. The obstacles you are likely to encounter in romantic

attachments are your resentment of narrow-mindedness, any restraint on your freedom, and your tendency to speak before you think. Your verbal ability to be on target often causes misunderstandings. Another problem is your inclination to be moved, to be every person's sympathetic listener, your shoulder available to lean on. Do you honestly think that a sweetheart is going to patiently sit in a corner while you comfort hordes of others?

The influences could be propitious, February, March, April to early May, late July to early August, and September.

Possible tensions January, late May, June to early July, late August, and October, November, December.

MONEY

YOU are endowed with a greater variety and a higher degree of work and wealth potential than

people of other signs. Your talents run from the arts to high finance, from politics and science, and more. Your unique intuition and your uncanny Sagittarian luck are an unbeatable combination. In investment, what would be risky for some, would be absolutely certain for you, and your hunches work money miracles. You are ideally suited for the world of high finance, and your best investment opportunities are with firms engaged in any form of travel — airlines, shipping concerns, etc., or in public relations and communication. In all matters of finance this year, I stress the importance of following your own inspiration.

YOUR JOB

ASPECTS denote change in profession, and by nature you are a roamer. If you have a job that restricts you, you won't give of your best. Any work that requires considerable travel is right up your Sagittarian alley, and you like dealing with the public.

HOME

THERE could be difficulties at home. It will depend on your attitude. Your tendency to be outspoken and blunt can be a hindrance to an otherwise successful social and home life.

ADVICE

IT seems to be your lot to be misunderstood, so it is best to have a few confidential friends — true friends, not the fair weather variety. In the course of the year you will make new contacts. Make good use of your intuition to separate the men from the boys. Don't be governed by impulse and give in to every hard luck story. If you are married such situations could spark off matrimonial muddle. With Neptune in Sagittarius, there is an intensification of idealism, not always good, as the high standards you set are impossible to attain. It will be a year of surprises, and a lot will depend on your attitudes and decisions.

Continued page 31

Everyone deserves our freshness, 'specially big babies like you.

Pure, soft and gentle *Johnson's* Baby Powder takes away that wet feeling that's

left behind after drying...leaves you feeling fresh and comfortable for hours after shower or bath.

After all, it's made babies feel that way for years.

Johnson's Baby Powder—best for baby, best for you.

Johnson & Johnson



YOUR STARS FOR 1975

FROM PAGE 29



CAPRICORN

Dec. 22-Jan. 20

A better year financially especially if you tackle an enterprise alone. More responsibilities, but you should achieve some goals.

IN GENERAL

TENTH sign natives possess determination, ambition, perseverance, tenacity, great powers of endurance, talent for management and administration and a nature that refuses to acknowledge defeat. On the negative side, you can be severe, intolerant, suspicious, and lacking in humor. However, on occasions you manage a smart line in repartee, and you have the spirit to liven and lubricate relationships with people. You are acutely conscious of prestige and the public image and are fearful of losing "status." It is likely that you may be aloof and severe, but this is only a defence mechanism to protect

you from possible rejection and disappointment.

HEART

IN matters of the heart, you are apt to have many affairs, but what could be termed romances will be few. You have a clinical, and strange attitude toward love, your feelings held back by matter-of-fact protectiveness. Yet you are very dependent on your romantic partner for reassurance and support. You are dutiful and loyal but find it difficult to make outward shows of affection. You must learn to identify the factors that cause reticence and reserve in love.

Identification leads to a realisation that a 'minus factor produces a minus result. Once you make the necessary adjustments, you will solve your problems.

Some beneficial influences likely in late February to mid March, late April to mid May, late August to mid September, late October, and November.

Possible tension and depression January to mid February, late March to mid April, late May, June to July, late September to mid October, December.

MONEY

YOU are well orientated for money-making, being endowed with a variety of aptitudes, and when this is linked with determination, spell fame and wealth. There are drawbacks, of course, that frequently prevent you from reaching the top, despite great industry and perseverance. You tend to be obstinate and find it

difficult to admit a mistake. Also, like Taurus, you cling to traditional methods and procedures. Sometimes, the fact that you never recognise defeat (fine if it works) will blind you to the realisation that your goals are unattainable.

YOUR JOB

THE year will be a busy one with more responsibility, but that's how you like it — providing, of course, that you are getting somewhere. You should succeed, especially in matters of research.

HOME

THERE may be some problems concerning the family. If a parent, ask yourself, "Am I being too strict?" Capricornians are intolerant of the unconventional ideas of the young. If you must be critical, use wisdom. Try to realise that each generation insists on making its own mistakes.

ADVICE

YOU can sometimes be eccentric about your charities and investments, your giving and buying, depending on the mood of sombre Saturn. When the spirits are high and the world looks green, there seems to be no end to material resources. But when the darkness descends — and that is likely to be a frequent occurrence — the rainy day turns up and there is no pleasure in purchasing or giving. You are very subject to moods, and find it hard at times to fight discontent and melancholy. It is not a useful state of mind so try to kick the habit. You should have no difficulty, as self-discipline is one of your foremost traits. Make a determined effort to be more tolerant of people's foibles and failings. Be more demonstrative. Give thought to human, rather than material, values. Ease severity toward yourself and others. Then sit back and watch your stocks rise.



AQUARIUS

January 21-February 19

A better year than most other signs can hope for: unexpected money, travel, and job progress, especially if you function alone.

IN GENERAL

YOU eleventh sign folk are said to be the strongest or the weakest people in the world. You are naturally endowed with great possibilities which, when understood and appreciated, will take you to heights of strength and usefulness. But if ignored or unrecognised, they cause you to be a creature of impulse and fluctuating desire, without equilibrium, and blown by every wind. One characteristic is to be fascinated by everything and baffled by nothing. The impossible becomes a tempting challenge for

you. But clear some of the snags of your personality. Procrastination, chronic promise-breaking, vacillation, and caprice are all despoilers of the genius of your sign.

HEART

IN romantic attachments you desire much more than the physical. You must have intellectual attraction, warmth, friendship, and a similarity of views and ideas. With all these ingredients your involvements become highly gratifying and endure as fine friendships even after the romance has run its

course. You must have respect in a romantic attachment, and avoid relationships where you feel restricted or are the object of possessiveness or jealousy. You will only resent and rebel, and with vigor. There is another type of Aquarian, the likable "odd ball." These folk, wishing to show how much they love people, embark on numerous affairs out of sheer exuberance, flaunting their unconventional views.

The influences could be promising, January to mid April, late August to mid September.

Tension possible in late April to mid May, June, July to mid August, October to mid November, December.

MONEY

YOU have high qualities for a successful career, fame, and the accumulation of wealth. Once you choose your field or profession, it's odds on you will excel. You do

your best when you work alone; this gives free rein to your originality and inventiveness. You like to progress at your own pace, you will not be driven. If this happens — the sparks fly. With you, investment is a highly individual matter of preference, and you would be well advised to invest in modern advanced industries such as electronics.

YOUR JOB

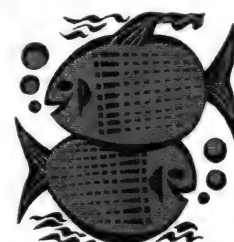
PROFESSIONAL affairs show a big improvement, and travel is indicated connected with both job and cultural matters. Don't leave things partly done, and make sure you preserve last year's image.

HOME

YOU may have trouble at home. Not serious, just the peculiar behaviour of people who will probably puzzle you. The result could be some verbal in-fighting. So keep calm.

ADVICE

FIRST, try to overcome restlessness and anxiety. Seek only the good in all things. Don't condemn people for that which you secretly do yourself. Work to establish independence from outside influences. Follow your intuition. Try to do these things and you will eliminate problems and obstacles you encounter in life. Be more realistic and practical, and curb impatience. Sometimes you have difficulty in communication with people. You are usually ahead of them in thoughts and ideas and you become impatient if they don't catch on quickly. All air signs tend to be this way. Try to realise that it takes some signs longer to "work it out." So slow the pace a little and give the other person a chance to catch up. Try to be less brusque. If you wish to be a humanitarian don't bruise the sensitivities of others needlessly.



PISCES

February 20-March 20

The year has positive rewards — stable finances, job opportunities, calm on the home front — if you are disciplined and realistic.

IN GENERAL

YOU are another sign with a dual nature. You must be aware of this two-way pull and try to adjust to it, otherwise there will be conflict all your life. These opposed factors make you complex and difficult to understand; in fact you baffle yourself at times. On the positive side you have uncanny intuition and insight, sympathy and compassion, and exceptional artistic and creative talent. Being kind and gentle and idealistic, you wish to be of help and service to others, and your view is broad and tolerant. On the negative side, you can be emotionally unstable, often hysterical, vacillating, indecisive.

HEART

YOU possess a very intense love nature and it is on the cards, or should I say stars, that you will have many adventures and affairs. Although you give intensely, the likelihood is that most of your romances will be shortlived. There are reasons for this. The element of intensity, which should make romance more gratifying and longer-lasting, fizzles out because there is too much too soon. You throw all your fuel on the fire the first day and the relationship burns itself out. Then there is your extreme emotional fragility and sensitivity. If you think you've suffered romantic wounds you

guillotine the relationship quick smart. You must cultivate emotional stability and maturity and develop the capacity to control the impulsive traits of your high-voltage nature.

Favorable influences could occur February to March; May to mid June; July to mid August; November.

Tension possible January, April, late August to September, October, December.

MONEY

PISCESANS make excellent business people, especially in such fields as food catering, perfumes, and cosmetics. Even the oil business is favored and anything requiring an aptitude for higher mathematics. Those who have been trained to methodical business habits make good accountants, cashiers, and bookkeepers. Sometimes you find it difficult to maintain a tough determined attitude in business dealings. You

are apt to give in when your opponents put on the squeeze. Bear in mind that business adversaries may appear adamant and intractable, but in many cases it is just poker player's bluff and shouldn't faze your intuition and insight. If buying land, seek properties near the ocean or large stretches of water.

YOUR JOB

THERE will be many opportunities in this sector, but it is advisable to aim for one and not get involved with too many projects.

HOME

THE affairs on the home front will go smoothly, provided you are tactful and keep calm. Solutions will be found for any problems concerning children. Don't neglect friends.

ADVICE

YOU tend to extremes in many spheres of your life, particularly

where the emotions are concerned. Self-control, self-discipline, and determination are essential for finding the happy middle group between extremes. It is here that you will change your action patterns for the better, remove obstacles, and improve your rate of progress. You are a visionary and a dreamer, preferring romantic make-believe to dull reality. This makes you vulnerable, and often your trust is abused. So it's down to earth for you — and make it a successful three-point landing. Finally, keep a tight rein on tendencies to be indulgent of others and self. The first clashes with the unselfish facets of your character, and the second puts lumps and bumps in the wrong places and will make you less attractive, vital, and active. Try to make 1975 a positive year by conquering emotional instability and achieving balance. The rich rewards will be well worth the effort.

HERE'S Humphrey, the National Nine Network's lovable bear —
to lift out and keep. When removing the poster, you can avoid
tearing by first carefully lifting up the ends of the staples.

... AND turn to page 61 in this issue for a fun holiday contest
in which children are asked to color-in a happy scene of the
TV bear at play. There are two sections, for different ages ...

HUMPHREY B. BEAR pin-up poster





FEMALE DIPLOMACY

SINCE women can now join the diplomatic service in most countries, the old adage that, to an extent, the success of a diplomat depends on the sort of woman he is married to must be slightly changed.

To avoid charges of male chauvinism and/or discrimination against women, it has become wiser to refer to a diplomat's spouse, who could mean his wife or her husband. For, in our times, the consort who could help to make or break a diplomat's career might be either.

I think the first women in the world to reach full ambassadorial rank was the formidable Madame Alexandra Kollontai, the Soviet Union's envoy to Sweden between the two World Wars. Since then, female heads of diplomatic missions have included America's Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce (in Rome) and Sweden's Mrs. Alva Myrdal (in New Delhi).

The Diplomatic List, issued by our Department of Foreign Affairs, contains the names of some 16 women diplomats in a dozen or so foreign embassies in Canberra. Our Foreign Ministry has a total staff of 4,500, but only about 480 of these are classed as diplomats — and 30 of them are women.

The Vatican is now the only State which refuses accreditation to diplomats because they are women.

For instance, in January, 1970, the West German Government wanted to appoint Miss Elisabeth Muller, then 44, as second secretary to the Federal Republic's embassy to the Holy See in Rome. But the Vatican had rejected her because its ancient protocol stipulated that envoys to the Holy See must be males. Especially if their work involves direct personal contacts with prelates who staff the Vatican's Secretariat of State, which looks after the Holy See's foreign relations.

However, while women can now be diplomats in their own right, their role as important promoters (or destroyers) of their husbands' careers has by no means diminished.

The same cannot be said about husbands of woman diplomats. They rarely have any impact on their wives' careers. Admittedly, my personal experience in this field is restricted to set-ups in which the husband has a profession outside the foreign service. But, even if he follows her when she is posted abroad, his charm or savoir faire (if any) doesn't seem to influence Madam's professional success or failure.

On the other hand, the qualities of a diplomat's wife, the way she runs their household, her social grace, intelligence, tact, conversation, style, taste, sophistication, and so on continue to have an important bearing on her husband's promotion. Only few of the successful career diplomats' wives I have met were not above-average persons.

As she is continuously called on to bolster her husband's extended work, she is also a sort of unpaid public servant. The main burden of this kind of work (after a while, nursing and promoting social contacts become a tiresome public-relations chore) is usually carried by the wife of the head of a mission. Naturally enough, an ambassador's wife may consider it the duty of a young third secretary's wife to assist her in organising, say, cocktail parties, tennis tournaments, or bridge games.

Frankly, I have never heard anyone complaining about such impositions. The victims seemed to enjoy them. But obviously I must have been mistaken, because recently our Foreign Affairs Department sent a circular to heads of missions warning them that "spouses are private individuals and no officer or spouse has authority over them." It must be left to the spouse of a diplomat to decide whether he or she wished to participate in an embassy's social functions.

All this may be in complete harmony with the spirit of our times. After all, nowadays people want to be compensated for services rendered. It stands to reason that, if the wife (much more rarely the husband) of a junior Australian diplomat doesn't feel like downing the grog, balancing a tea cup, swinging the racket, or shuffling the cards in the national interest (I have never heard of a diplomatic spouse being asked to wash the ambassador's dishes or cut his lawn), he or she should be perfectly free to accept or to refuse such a chore which carries no monetary rewards.

Still, I cannot help wondering how many junior diplomatic spouses (for obviously they are mainly concerned) will take full advantage of their right to refuse to be at the beck and call of heads of missions or their wedded partners.

LONGEST TRUNK CALL IN THE WORLD?



IT stands to reason that you need a jumbo-sized telephone to ring an elephant, but even these — at Longleat Safari Park, Wiltshire, England — are dwarfed by this fantastic phone. The giant, fibreglass telephone was originally made for a film. It is now touring the U.K., publicising a new "dial an animal bedtime story" service.

COMPACT

HOUSE IS "DRESSED UP" FOR CHRISTMAS

SYLVIA and Ray Wall, of Wagga, N.S.W., have devised a novel way of bringing the spirit of Christmas to their city.

Each night from December 15 to New Year's Eve, using imagination and hard work, and helped by willing family and friends, they turn their modest home and garden into a fairyland, to raise money for local charity.

An illuminated, giant Santa Claus driving five reindeers sits on the rooftop of their Gurwood Street house, while, below, the garden is massed with colorful settings of nursery rhymes and fairy tales.

Money tossed into small wishing wells by visitors who come to see the display is donated to the Home of Compassion and The Haven, two old people's homes in Wagga.

Doll display

Mrs. Wall said this is the fourth year she and her husband have arranged the display, which involves more than 100 beautifully dressed dolls and animals depicting about 30 nursery rhymes and fairy tales.

"My husband and I, two of our sons and a daughter all help to arrange the settings each night at about 6 o'clock and they are left there until 11 p.m.

"With the help of a neighbor, Mrs. Simone Weuly, I made all the dresses for the dolls. My husband, who is an electrician, looks after the illuminations.

"People of all ages flock to see the show. Sometimes they have been four deep outside the garden wall. Last year we raised \$460. This

year we hope the figure will be higher."

Mrs. Wall said the idea of the exhibition had come from a neighbor, who had used the Santa Claus figure on his roof to raise money for local charities.

"When it became a little too much for him we decided to take over the idea and extend it to the settings in the garden.

Hard work

"I don't think anyone realises just how much work is involved. For instance, this year it took my husband more than a month to paint and refurbish the reindeers.

"And we always arrange to bring a group of old people from the homes to see the show and have supper with us."

"We do feel it is worthwhile. Especially at Christmas, when the spirit should be one of giving."

25 YEARS AGO . . .

DAME Enid Lyons had become Australia's first woman Federal Cabinet Minister. Mother of 11, she had been connected with politics for years, first as the wife of a Prime Minister and later as the first woman Member of the House of Representatives . . . Gloria Swanson was returning to the screen

in "Sunset Boulevard" . . . Our film reviewer liked Charles Chauvel's "Sons of Matthew" and said it "undoubtedly advanced local film-making prestige considerably."

YOUR HOME HAS AN INFLUENCE ON LIFE

DID YOU know that the house (or flat, or high-rise unit) in which you live can exercise its influence, good or bad, on your life?

The astrologer to "Old Moore's Almanack" explores this fascinating subject in the current issue, now on sale through all newsagents.

The type of locality for a house — in city or outback, by the sea, or within sound of an aerodrome, in leafy

suburbia or crowded inner-city — can be related to one of the 12 signs of the zodiac.

A series of tabulations enables you to decide which stars were in the "sign" position at the time of your birth.

From this, and when you have assigned the site of your house to its correct zodiac sign, it becomes simple to decide if your house is suited or ill-suited to you.



SANTA CLAUS and reindeers on the Walls' roof, in Gurwood Street, Wagga.

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BLENDERS OF FINE CIGARETTES THROUGH SIX REIGNS



Study-bedroom (above) belongs to Mrs. Yuill's son David, who is a university student. Black-and-white cotton curtain is similar in style to some of the modern paintings in other rooms.



Mrs. Yuill's bedroom (above) is furnished with divans, and can be used as a TV room. Painting at right, in blue and brown, is by Michael Johnson. Cushions are red.

Dining-room (right) has a delightful view of Berry's Bay. Small painting at left is by John Stockdale, the other one at right, entitled "Mahler's widow," is by Dick Watkins. Mid-Victorian chairs are almost the only "non-modern" pieces in the unit.



FURNISHED TO SUIT PAINTINGS

The style of furnishing in Mrs. Noela Yuill's home unit at McMahon's Point, in Sydney, is as modern as the Australian paintings she has been collecting since 1962.

TWO small mid-Victorian dining chairs, a 17th century Spanish oak side table and some Persian rugs are almost the only old pieces in Mrs. Yuill's unit. All other furniture is modern, with strong clean lines to suit her collection of paintings by contemporary Australian artists.

Walls throughout the unit are white and furniture white, black, brown. With this background the paintings, some of them in the same neutrals, show to full advantage. Color comes through other paintings and soft-toned Persian floor rugs.

The artists whose work Mrs. Yuill collects include Michael Johnson, Gunter Christmann, John Stockdale, and Dick Watkins.

Most of the paintings have strong shapes and so does the furniture. "I chose the furniture to suit the paintings," Mrs. Yuill said.

In the sitting-room furniture is either perfectly plain, like the beautiful Italian settee covered in off-white canvas and the white moulded plastic tables, or patterned in a geometric design. One settee, for instance, is covered with black-and-white striped mattress ticking, while close to it are three large and colorful paintings with vertical or horizontal stripes.

Even the Persian rugs have designs based on geometric motifs such as hexagons and triangles.

In the dining-room, a circular table — modern with a moulded centre support — is combined with bamboo chairs with circular seats and backs.

There are no curtains, apart from the ones in son David's study-bedroom. Bamboo blinds keep out glare. In David's room, the one curtain in bold black and white is strictly contemporary.

Mrs. Yuill, who has lived in her unit for 16 years, modernised it to display her paintings. She had a square archway cut through the wall between the sitting and dining-rooms to give a feeling of space. Old panelled timber doors have been replaced by louvred doors.

Mrs. Yuill's bedroom is also the family TV room. Divan beds heaped with cushions double as seating.

"In a limited space like a unit, you need to use a room for more than just sleeping," she said.

Other space-saving ideas include a wide, seat-level storage shelf along one wall of the dining-room and several wicker baskets for holding such things as books and telephone directories.

Story:
ENNIS HONEY
Pictures:
KEITH BARLOW

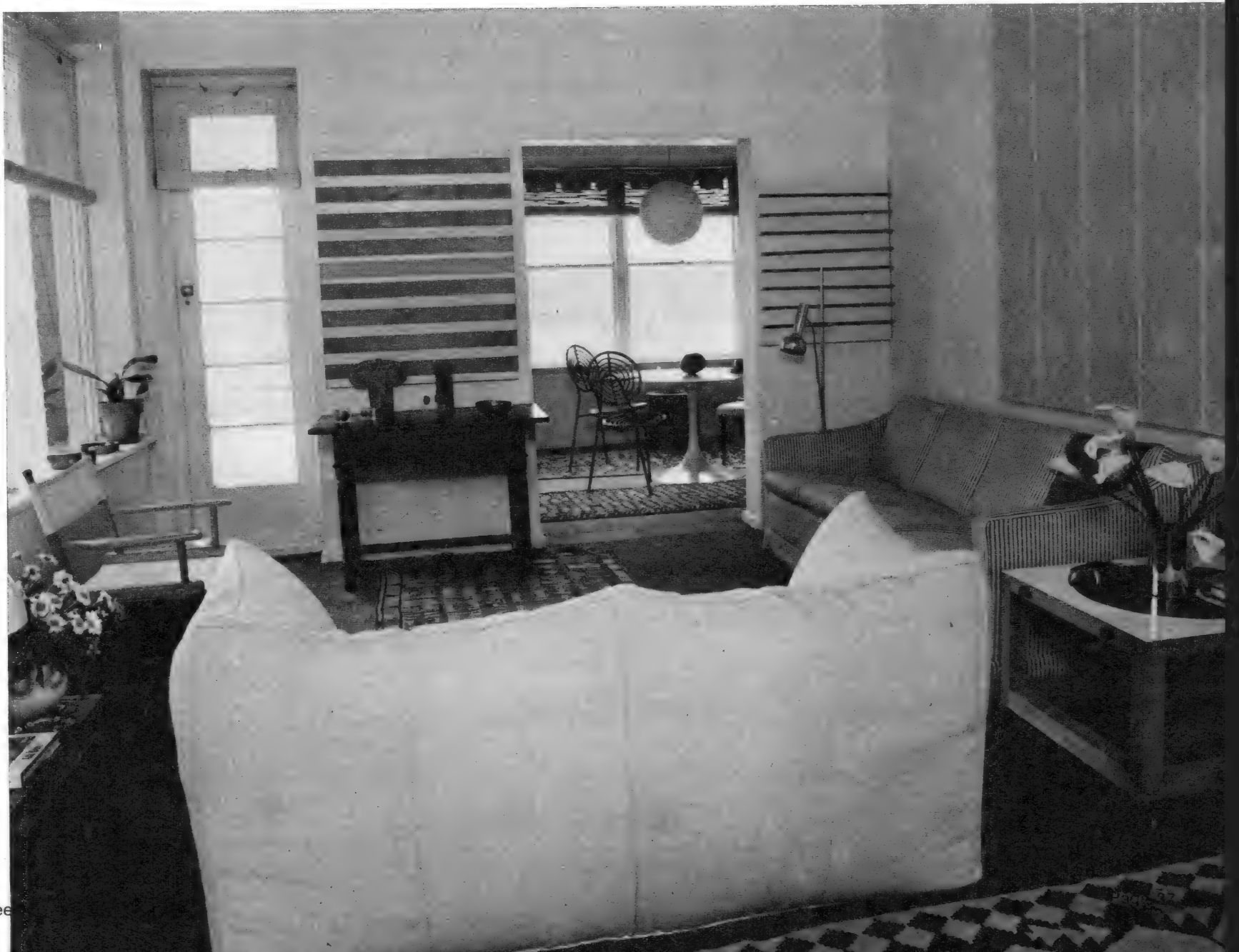


Abstract painting by Sydney artist Dick Watkins (dominates the sitting-room above). Contemporary Italian settee, designed by Mario Bellini, is upholstered in off-white canvas. Black-and-white mattress ticking covers second settee at left.

**HOUSE
OF THE
WEEK**

Opposite view (right) of the sitting-room looking through archway to the dining-room. White table at right is 20th century moulded plastic, the dark one near the door 17th century Spanish oak.

The Australian Women's Week



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LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

New Year thoughts

WE WERE footloose Australians doing the grand tour overseas (working-holiday fashion), and it came as a shock to us in England to find that the working bit included New Year's Day. No holiday! I know several Australians who, that year, followed home rules.

\$2 to Miss Elaine Ashworth, Potts Point, N.S.W.

I THINK between Christmas and the New Year we give thought to all the nice things that have happened to us during the past 12 months. This year, my special thoughts go out to the Perth police for their great help and kindness when my little son was rushed 12 miles to hospital for emergency heart treatment. Such a situation puts a parent in a state of urgent panic, but each time, the police acted in minutes, with full escort and all traffic stopped through the city. How grateful we were for the help and strength they gave us when we needed it most. It felt to us as though the entire police force had dropped everything to save one little boy.

\$2 to Mr. G. Cole, Midland, W.A.

Talking to plants — and some like music!

I WAS interested in Kay Keavney's review of "The Secret Life of Plants," Women's Weekly October 9, for now I know what was wrong with my maidenhair fern, bought for \$1 in eager anticipation of having this beautiful plant in the kitchen, happily watching me work. But alas! Being totally ignorant of such matters I had neglected to talk or sing to it, so it just sat there — not thriving, not wilting, not anything. Classical music it did not lack: Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, it had heard since the day it arrived home, so after reading this review I sat down and had a serious talk to it, then sang by the hour without any reaction whatsoever. I put it in the lounge and played the "Moonlight" Sonata. Still no response. I carried it back to the kitchen, humming the "Blue Danube Waltz." To my amazement the fern looked upward, and I'll swear it was smiling. My plant is a waltz-lover! All I need now is to learn some new waltzes, for after I've been humming the old ones all day my mind can't switch them off at night, while my little plant sleeps peacefully in the kitchen.

\$2 to "Waltz" (name supplied), Byron Bay, N.S.W.

MY HUSBAND has no finer feelings where plants are concerned, so he was rather sarcastic when he heard "a chap waffling on" about how plants must be pampered and talked to. I didn't think it had made much impression on him until recently, **unknown to me**, he moved a nectarine tree laden with fruit out the back. I was horrified when I saw it, and said, "Oh dear! That tree will die now." He replied: "It's all right, I apologised to it."

\$2 to Mrs. S.B. (name supplied), Lugarno, N.S.W.

I AM SURE that plants, especially potted ones, do have feelings, and also like company. Our monstera has been with us for seven years now, and has survived two shifts. Waiting for the builders to complete our new home, "Monse" was placed in a corner of the completed section, among packing cases and furniture. We watered him regularly but he wasn't at all happy. His leaves drooped and large drops of water (tears?) formed on each leaf. As soon as we moved in we carried him into the living-room, where he continued to complain about his position. Finally, we placed him near the fireplace facing the kitchen-dining area. His leaves greened up, the tears stopped, and several weeks later a new leaf appeared.

\$2 to Mrs. Joan Kelly, Table Cape, Tas.

IT WORKS! It really works! I have always had a couple of words to say to my pot plants, but after reading how plants respond to love, and to a friendly chat, I decided to really talk to them. I told them how much I loved them, and how clever they were to come good so quickly after the trauma of repotting and dividing. Now I have 27 African violets grown from two leaves a friend gave me. Only three had flowered previously, but now 13 have buds, and they all look so healthy and happy I'm convinced they understand. Also my rubber plant, which was looking sick, has two new leaves.

\$2 to E. Simpson, Carnegie, Vic.

IT IS NOT enough that you "lavish love" upon your flowers. Dorothy Nicole (Letter Box, November 27). According to a very knowledgeable gardening friend, you must tell them so. Unreasonable too, to differentiate between the love for flowers and hatred of weeds, since science tells us that all flowers were once weeds. So the present-day objects of your displeasure may be cherished blooms of your far-off progeny. My friend tells a recalcitrant plant to "bloom, or else," with spectacular results.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Fry, Cronulla, N.S.W.

Telephone traumas

IT WAS comforting to know that some of one's secret dreads are shared by celebrities (The Australian Women's Weekly, December 20). I still get a qualm of fear whenever the telephone rings. I think this stems from being introduced to this instrument 30-odd years ago in rather the same way that some folk learn to swim — by being pushed into the deep end. In my case it was being parked in front of a busy switchboard in my first job, when I'd not answered a telephone before. I was thrown into a panic by the flashing lights and angry voices — voices which became snarlier by the minute, because my solution, when the going got too rough, was to pull out all the plugs and start again.

\$2 to "No operator" (name supplied), Parramatta, N.S.W.

Country renting

MANY families are finding it easier to rent a house on a country property for holidays than to try to find inexpensive accommodation near beaches. Such holidays are most popular with families with young children — the wonderful experience of being in the country, hearing bird calls, seeing animals at pasture, and learning a little of what tranquillity means.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Turner, Eastwood, N.S.W.

In the province of the mind

LATELY life has been a bit rough, and I've been living each day as best I can. Then one morning recently as I brought in the milk and newspaper, I found the following running through my mind. It has helped me greatly.

*Every morning when I wake
I say to someone (I don't know who)
What will this day hold for me?
And puzzled, I murmur, "I'll leave it to you
But whatever it is — good or bad —
Please help me through."*

\$2 to E.M. (name supplied), Manjimup, W.A.

Silver beet: very tasty!

SILVER BEET is an excellent vegetable, easily grown, and, if properly cooked, it can be very tasty. I have even used the green of young leaves to make a "lettuce" salad — and no one knew the difference. Why do so many people despise it, I wonder? I recall an occasion when one woman handed in some very fine bunches of silver beet to our market stall at a local gathering, with the remark: "I hate the stuff. I throw it over the back fence."

\$2 to "Silver beet" (name supplied), Bairnsdale, Vic.

Barefoot toddlers

I THINK perhaps some parents who take their barefoot toddlers walking do not fully realise the hardship they may be causing. I have seen a mother scolding her little boy for crying when the pavement was so hot that I could feel the heat through my plastic soles. Also, on the grassed footpath outside my home there is a type of prickly grass which can be painful to bare feet, yet recently, a mother spanked her little girl because she cried as she walked on it.

\$2 to Mrs. S. M. Campbell, Wynnum, Qld.

Timid with money

AFTER a trip overseas, I would like to say a little about Australians and their reputed gambling. I found the English were fanatics on football pools, and had horse racing in a big way nearly every day. In France, and the U.S.A., I found the gambling fever very noticeable. Australians, in comparison, are timid with money, and by no means deserve the reputation of "great" gamblers. Most overseas countries provide many more varied forms of gambling.

\$2 to Mrs. E. M. Allen, East Brighton, Vic.

Clarity preferred

I LIVE in Malaysia, but we can buy the Women's Weekly at a local store, so I am able to read Letter Box. I think that terse notices at hotels, or anywhere, would be better than having things such as "Please park prettily" (October 9 issue). People might just laugh, and not take any notice, whereas "Leave entrance clear" or "Park here," even just "Parking," is plain and clear, and gets the message across. Also, "Please park prettily" is a bit of a tongue-twister.

\$2 to "Plain and clear" (name supplied), Penang.

"They, too, are customers"

WHY do some adults think that a shopkeeper should serve them out of turn ahead of children? I have seen some get very annoyed because the shopkeeper takes the trouble to give children his attention. Don't we all like to look at the goods, ask the price, and get the best value for our money? Why shouldn't children be allowed to do the same? They, too, are customers. A retired shop owner, I used to get a lot of pleasure helping children decide what to buy, often giving them sweets while they made up their minds. They are being money-wise and spending carefully. If anyone feels impatient, just remember you, too, were once a child spending your few pennies. Believe me, it is often much harder to serve adults than most children — a shopkeeper takes many insults he does not deserve.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Saunders, Knoxfield, Vic.

Ross Campbell

YELLOW BIRD

WE saw the Yellow Lady in France (this is another of my "trip abroad" stories).

She came into a restaurant in the old city of Avignon where we were having dinner.

She looked in her thirties, with yellowish-blond hair, and wore an all-yellow outfit — dress, scarf, and shoes. A yellow rose was pinned to her dress.

Her escort was a man in a dark suit with no yellow at all. He probably saw enough of it.

They sat down and, lo and behold, the lady ordered a meal of yellow food. She had an omelette and a glass of yellowish wine, followed by caramel custard.

We were watching by now with interest. My wife said: "I wonder if she has yellow underwear."

"It's quite possible," I said. "But I'm not going to ask."

I recalled a song that rude schoolboys used to sing in Melbourne:

"If she's from Richmond I bet you a zack

That her britches are yellow and black."

My wife pointed out: it was unlikely a lady in Avignon barracked for the Richmond Tigers — or Sydney's Balmain ones for that matter.

The Yellow Lady wore no visible touch of black or any color but her favorite one.

"Someone must have told her 'Yellow suits you,' and she just stuck to it," I said.

We thought she was carrying it too far by eating matching food. We wondered what would happen if other people did the same.

My wife said: "I suppose Gainsborough's Blue Boy would have to eat blue cod and Danish blue cheese."

"A little woman in black could only have black pudding and black coffee," I said.

We were in a holiday mood, I must add, and a little frivolous.

Without setting myself up to be a fashion expert, I think it is a mistake to wear all one color (unless you are in the army, say, and have to).

A touch of contrast is desirable. That is why Joseph made such a hit with his coat of many colors.

What if the Yellow Lady had two sisters who wore all red and all green? Together they would be like traffic lights.

Also I think yellow needs to be worn with discretion.

You notice song writers are not keen on it. They tell us there were two little girls in blue and the fellers are crazy for the lady in red — but nothing about a lady in yellow.

This one we saw gave rather the effect of a canary.

After finishing her glass of yellow Chartreuse she left the restaurant.

What song should I have sung as she walked out?

"Goodbye, little yellow bird," of course. But being the quiet type I didn't.

Mother knows best.



Cadbury White. What every woman will be eating this year.

NCW9

CHINESE-STYLE VEGETABLES

A STEP-BY-STEP FEATURE . . .

Vegetables cooked in the Chinese manner are crisp and colorful. Hot oil seals in the vegetable juices and color; water is added, the pan covered, and the vegetables steam until tender yet remain delightfully crisp. Because the cooking time is so short, they are full of flavor and nourishment, and can be enjoyed on their own as a complete meal, or as an extra dish with other foods.

You will need:

- ¼ cup oil
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped green ginger
- 3 medium onions
- 375g (¾lb.) carrots
- ½ medium cauliflower
- 1 cup water
- 2 chicken stock cubes
- 500g (1lb.) beans
- 5 sticks celery
- 1 red pepper
- 1 green pepper
- 250g (½lb.) zucchini
- ½ medium cabbage
- 10 shallots

The metric 250ml measuring cup (approx. 1 tablespoon more than the eight-liquid-ounce cup), and Standard spoon measures are used. Spoon measurements are level.



Step-by-step pictures and directions are below.

In the Chinese-style vegetables above, quick cooking seals in color, flavor, and nourishment. They are delicious as a vegetarian meal, or as an accompaniment to grills or Chinese food.



Step 1: Prepare vegetables as shown above. Peel and quarter onions; scrape carrots, slice finely; break cauliflower into flowerets; string beans and celery, slice diagonally; cut peppers into 2.5cm (1in.) cubes; slice zucchini finely; shred cabbage finely; chop half the shallots finely, slice remainder finely and reserve for garnishing.



Step 2: Heat oil in wok or large frying pan. Add ginger, onions, carrots, and cauliflower; stir gently to coat all vegetables with oil. Add water and crumbled stock cubes, bring to boil, cover, boil 3 minutes.



Step 3: Remove lid, add beans, celery, peppers, zucchini, and chopped shallots; cover, cook until vegetables are just tender, approx. 5 minutes; remove lid to stir occasionally.



Step 4: Remove lid, scatter cabbage over top of vegetables; cover again, cook further 2 to 3 minutes. Remove lid, stir cabbage gently through other vegetables. Garnish with sliced shallots. Quantities given will serve four as a main meal, or eight as vegetable accompaniment.

A RECIPE FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

PRIZE RECIPES

A delicious way with tender veal steaks wins this week's \$10 prize. Consolation prizes of \$2 are awarded for an easy caramel sauce and a biscuit slice using packaged muesli.

ITALIAN VEAL

(Shown right)

4 veal steaks
4 slices ham
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk
packaged dry breadcrumbs
90g (3oz.) butter or substitute
1 clove garlic
salt, pepper
2 tablespoons marsala
2 tablespoons dry white wine
250g (8oz.) mozzarella cheese

Pound veal steaks out very thinly with meat mallet or rolling pin. Place a slice of ham on each veal steak, pound ham on to veal with mallet. Coat veal with combined beaten egg and milk, then coat with dry breadcrumbs, pressing on firmly.

Cut mozzarella cheese into thin slices. Heat butter and crushed garlic in large frying pan, add veal steaks, fry until golden brown and cooked through. Put on heatproof serving plate; keep warm. Add marsala and white wine to pan, stir until liquid is slightly evaporated. Season with salt and pepper. Spoon sauce over veal. Top each veal steak with two slices of cheese, place under hot



griller until cheese has melted. Serves 4.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. M. Smith, Cremorne Point, N.S.W.

CARAMEL SAUCE

2 tablespoons condensed milk
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 tablespoon golden syrup
30g (1oz.) butter
2 teaspoons boiling water, approx.

Combine condensed milk, sugar, golden syrup, and butter in small saucepan. Stir over medium heat until a

good caramel colour. Remove from heat, add water to give a good pouring consistency. (A little extra boiling water may be needed.) Serve warm over ice-cream.

Makes approx. ½ cup sauce.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss. M. Young, Wellington, N.Z.

CRUNCHY SLICE

1 cup self-raising flour
1 cup packaged toasted muesli
1 cup coconut

½ cup sugar
125g (4oz.) butter or substitute

Combine sifted flour, muesli, coconut, and sugar in bowl. Melt butter, pour into dry ingredients; mix thoroughly. Press mixture evenly into greased swiss roll tin. Bake in slow oven 25 minutes or until light golden brown. If desired, top with chocolate icing while warm; cut into slices. A lunch box favorite for the office or school.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. J. Luxford, Brisbane.

HOME HINTS

Take a tip from our readers who have tried these ideas and found them helpful. Each hint published wins a prize of \$2.

Use vinyl floor tiles to line wooden shelves in your kitchen. They are easy to wipe clean, and don't need replacing as often as paper linings. — Mrs. J. Snow, Emu Plains, N.S.W.

* * *

A bulldog clip on the handle of the milk bottle holder is handy for notes and receipts to and from your "milko." — R. Porteous, New Lambton, N.S.W.

* * *

Stick a few small self-adhesive plastic hooks on the tiles of the shower recess or over the bath from which to hang face washers and shower caps. They dry more quickly and are out of sight behind shower curtains or screens. — Mrs. T. Berry, Blackburn, Vic.

* * *

Mash a peeled banana with a tablespoon of sugar and an egg. Beat with an egg beater until smooth, then combine with a cup of milk. Sprinkle with nutmeg and pour over the family's breakfast cereals — vitamins galore! — "M'mm," Miami, Qld.

* * *

To prevent sunburnt shoulders when children play on the sand at the beach, make attractive poncho-style cover-ups from their towels. Fasten clasps on one of the wider edges of the towel, leaving enough room for the head, then drape the poncho round their shoulders with opening at front. The towel can still be used and washed flat. — Katherine Reynolds, Pullenvale, Qld.

* * *

Now that it's summer, backyard above-ground pools start to appear. Put an old mat or rug next to a baby's bath filled with water at the foot of the swimming pool ladders. Encourage people to rinse their feet in the tub before swimming to prevent grass and debris from entering the pool. A piece of old towelling wrapped round the bottom rung also helps. — "Proved It," Blackburn, Vic.

MEDI-TALK

Questions in this column are based on surgery experience. Individual queries will not be answered.

SUCROSE AND HEART DISEASE

"How can taking excess sugar possibly cause heart trouble?"

It's well documented that sugar (sucrose) can greatly increase the body levels of triglycerides (a form of fat that circulates in the blood). Too much is a well-known cause of premature heart attacks, and sudden death. It can also help elevate the cholesterol (another blood fat) level with similar consequences.

ACNE AND THE PILL

"I haven't been married very long. So I've only been on the pill for about six months. But I've suddenly developed an acne-type rash on my face which is very disfiguring. Aged 23 years."

It is possible to switch to another brand of the pill which will be less likely to produce this outbreak. This is a common side-effect, as many women know. Discuss the problem with your doctor; he will make an appropriate change for you.

RUBELLA VACCINATIONS

"What happens if I become pregnant right after having my rubella vaccination?"

The experts strongly recommend you do not become pregnant for a minimum of two (preferably three) months after having

rubella vaccination. Otherwise, baby runs the same risk as if you had actually contracted rubella. In fact, so ominous is this that it is now an established reason for obtaining a legal termination of pregnancy. See your doctor at once if this has happened to you.

VEGETARIAN DIET

"Do you believe a vegetarian diet is as healthful as a meat one?"

Large numbers of Australians (and people all over the world) adhere to a vegetarian diet. Their general health is usually as good as that of the meat-eaters. There is adequate protein and all food requirements in non-meat products which are readily available in this country. Besides, the "low cholesterol" of a non-meat routine could be beneficial to longevity, in helping preclude premature heart disease.

PREGNANCY AFTER TUBAL LIGATION

"Is it possible for a woman who has had her tubes tied to become pregnant. If so, how?"

Although tubal ligation is about 99.9 percent proof against further pregnancies, a rare case occurs where pregnancy follows. This is because the cut and tied ends somehow join up again, and the passageway is reformed. But for practical purposes, once done, the job is usually permanently effective.

THROMBOSIS

"How serious are blood clots?"

They can be very serious. They commonly occur in the calf muscles of the legs. It is estimated that these occur in about 30 percent of patients following surgical operations. If a piece of clot breaks off, it may circulate in the blood, finally blocking a major vessel. A common place is the lung, and a pulmonary blockage is serious.

WATER SKIING

"Do you have any medical opinions on women water skiing?"

When water skiing, always wear a protective rubber suit. Many serious accidents have been reported. Water rushing at high pressure into the body is dangerous, and can cause vaginal tears, serious haemorrhages, abortions, sterility, and serious bowel injuries. Do not rely on a thin fabric bikini.

SPECIALLY FOR MOTHERS

TREATING ANT BITES

"What's the best treatment for ant bite in a child?"

Apply an anti-pruritic cream or lotion, and this will bring soothing relief. (Any commercial line will be adequate.) If the

bite causes redness, swelling or a whitish lump, an anti-histamine may be needed. Occasionally, if the reaction is severe, a doctor may give this by injection.

TROUBLE WITH BOWEL ACTIONS

"My baby tends to yell and scream when it's potty time. This developed suddenly."

Most likely baby is constipated, and bowel actions are painful. Maybe he has a minute fissure (small crack at the external opening). Soft bowel actions are necessary. Prune juice helps. An anaesthetic ointment (from the doctor) applied before a bowel action, usually stops the pain.

SWALLOWING OF PILLS

"How can you prevent a small child from accidentally swallowing pills?"

Adequate care in storing the pill containers out of reach is essential when small children are in the home. However, the answer seems to lie in the sealed "unit packaging" of potentially dangerous pills and capsules. This was recently introduced for the "tri-cyclic antidepressant," a potent drug which was responsible for infants being poisoned. The same scheme, it is hoped, will soon be extended to other potentially harmful drugs.

Please clean your ears safely.

Please don't use matches. Or pencils. Or paper clips. Or knitting needles. Use cotton buds. Because they're safer and they flex like this.



cotton buds cotton tipped applicators (trademarks.)
JJCH554R © J&J

The Australian Women's Weekly—January 1, 1975

OUR inaugural Spice Islands Cruise will show you more of the mystic Orient than any other comparable holiday — it is wonderful holiday value.

Come with us when we sail to the exciting ports of Asia next March on the P & O one-class Oronsay.

Oronsay embarks passengers at Fremantle (March 4), and Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane (March 16), before sailing north for 35 days to the jade-green islands that Marco Polo called "the spice islands."

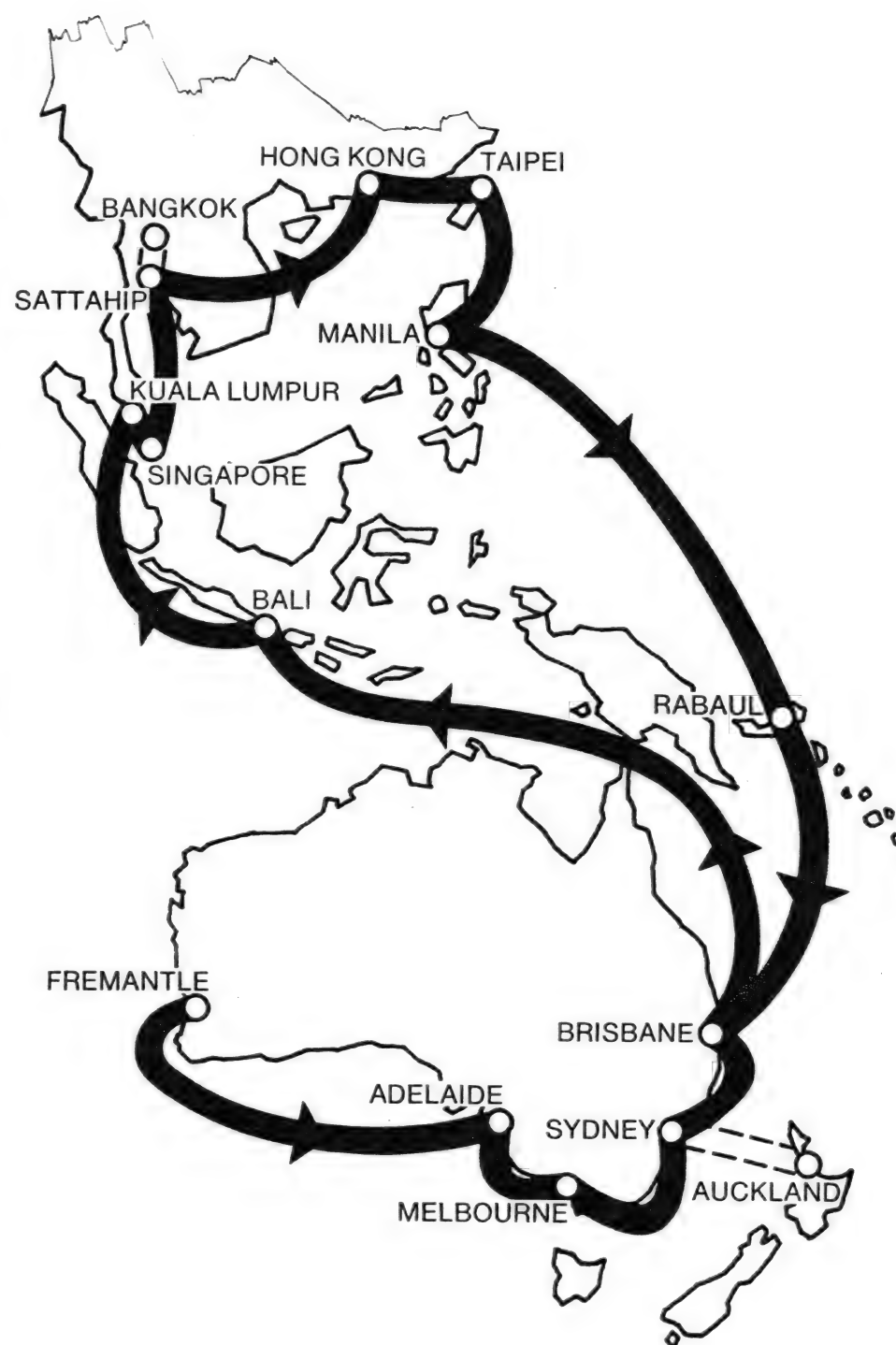
We take you along the Inner Route of the Great Barrier Reef, through Whitsunday Passage, to Bali, Port Kelang (Kuala Lumpur), Singapore, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Keelung (Taipei), Manila and Rabaul before returning passengers to Sydney and Auckland.

This is one of the most interesting itineraries we have ever offered cruise passengers, and the first time we have called at the



ABOVE: Thai beauty in the classical dance costume of South Thailand. The dancer is meant to be half-human, half-bird, and the gold-colored metal tips on her fingers are worn to resemble the claws of a bird.

RIGHT: Cruise route.



JOIN OUR SPICE ISLANDS CRUISE

brilliantly-colored, glittering, beautiful city of Bangkok.

Remember that other holidays do not always include the cost of lavish meals three times a day, plus morning and afternoon teas, picture shows, and night-club entertainment, whereas all this is included in your fare on a cruise liner.

Full details

For example, think of how much you would pay in a restaurant for a meal like this: Appetiser, soup, fish, main course (choice of four), sweets, cheese, fruit and coffee. This menu is everyday fare on Oronsay.

World Travel Headquarters have arranged this magical cruise for us. Just reading through the brochure they have compiled, giving all cruise details, is exciting. One can almost smell the exotic tropical flowers in Singapore and Bali, the spicy aromas that come from the satay street stalls in Kuala Lumpur.

One can almost hear the tinkling laughter of the beautiful Thai women, dressed in their magnificent silks that are famous the world over; hear the bustle of Hong Kong and Taipei, and Manila.

You can get your own copy of this well presented brochure, giving the information you want to know about fares, cabins, itinerary dates, ports and

countries you will visit, discounts, and coastal travel arrangements, by writing to The Australian Women's Weekly (travel section), Box 4808, G.P.O. Sydney 2001.

The brochure may also be obtained from World Travel Headquarters, their General Sales Agents (listed below), or your own travel agent.

You will love the tropic atmosphere of Bali, the shopping in Singapore, the rubber plantations, tin mines, exotic mosques and palaces of Kuala Lumpur (where even the railway station is styled in Moorish opulence), but Bangkok, a fairy-tale city of temples and pagodas, may well be the highlight of your cruise.

As Oronsay docks at Bangkok's deepwater port of Sattahip, we have arranged for you to drive by air-conditioned coach through the brilliantly-colored Siamese countryside (so different from Bangkok).

to the capital, where you will spend the night in a first-class air-conditioned hotel. On this three-hour drive, be sure to notice the magnificently-decorated and teak-fronted trucks carrying goods along the roads.

Lovely resort

You stay in Bangkok until the following morning, when you return to Oronsay via the lovely and well-known Thai beach resort of Pattaya, on the Gulf of Siam.

This excursion to Bangkok from Sattahip is free of extra cost, and all meals are provided. While in Bangkok, though, you may choose to take one of the optional extra shore excursions.

There is a half-day tour of the Buddhist temples, to the Wats that gleam so richly gold on the Bangkok skyline. There is a Thai dinner (Thai food has a distinctive and

delicious taste), and classical dancing tour in the evening that you spend in Bangkok.

There will be no time to sleep late next morning (save that for when you are at sea again), if you want to take the three-and-a-half hour launch trip along the Chao Phya River that runs through Bangkok and the klongs (canals).

On this tour you will see fascinating scenes of typical Thai life along the klongs and the colorful Floating Market, where the Thais row their boats and do their shopping on the water. This tour also takes you to the Temple of the Dawn and the Royal Ceremonial Barges.

You return to your hotel in time to join the coaches for the Pattaya Beach

excursion en route back to Oronsay.

From Sattahip, you have two days at sea to rest up again before Hong Kong, where you will spend three days, docked in the middle of one of the most fascinating harbors in the world. Oronsay's wharf is right next to the Star Ferry, which takes you in five minutes, and for about two Australian cents first class, one cent second class, to Hong Kong's capital, Victoria.

The shopping centre of Kowloon is right as you step off the ship. Oronsay's wharf could not be more in the centre of this wonderful, beautiful city.

Then to Keelung, port for Taiwan's capital of Taipei,

regarded as being one of the safest places in Asia after dark. The Chinese are honest, industrious, hospitable, courteous. Here you can buy cheap books and records, and magnificent turned marbleware, which is so fine it is almost translucent.

Lush tropics

The 7,000 islands of the Philippines await you and Manila, with its churches and its gambling casinos, its nightclubs and its Spanish influence.

Then to Rabaul and the tropic lushness of New Guinea, and home to Sydney and Auckland.

Fares, Sydney to Sydney, are from \$1207 and for other cities range from: Melbourne-cruise-Sydney \$1271, Adelaide-cruise-Sydney \$1313.

Fremantle-cruise-Sydney \$1396, Brisbane-cruise-Sydney \$1140.

New Zealanders are particularly lucky, as they can sail from Auckland on Oriana on March 10, and join their cruise ship, Oronsay, in Sydney. Oronsay will return these passengers to Auckland on April 22.

New Zealand fares, Auckland-cruise-Auckland, are from \$1422.

WHERE TO BOOK

COLLECT your fully descriptive brochures by calling in or writing to any of these General Sales Agents:

N.S.W.-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney 2000. Tele. 232-4844.

Northern N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W. 2300. Tele. 2-5191.

Victoria-Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 7th Floor, Australia Netherlands House, 470 Collins St., Melbourne 3000. Tele. 61-2741; and at 89 Raymond Street, Sale, Victoria 3850. Tele. 44-1577.

Queensland-Northern Territory-New Guinea: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 2nd floor, Pavilion

Building, corner of Queen and Albert Streets, Brisbane 4000. Tele. 21-3744.

South Australia: Kfngs Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 26 Currie Street, Adelaide 5000. Tele. 51-7555.

Western Australia: Wesfarmers Travel, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth 6000. Tele. 21-0191. (All above are members of AFTA.)

New Zealand: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland 1. Tele. 73-530.

London Offices: Milbanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London W1Y-OAE. Tele. 493-8494, 499-7221.

OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT



Spring crop

By
**BARBARA YATES
ROTHWELL**

MARIE-JEANNINE made a vow in those first few weeks after her tiny Francois was born. As she bent over his cradle, watching the tiny, delicate hands clasp and unclasp, the small mouth widening into passionate demands for food, the smooth, olive skin of the heart-shaped face, she promised herself — and the baby — that there would be something better for him in life than the day-by-day struggles of a village peasant.

As the baby grew, her promise became a passion. There was a fine quality in his little face that was seldom seen among the village boys, a quality of gentleness and caring that she found irresistible.

However hard it might be, whatever the hurdles to be overcome, Marie-Jeannine maintained a single-mindedness that would not be sidetracked by the jibes of friends or the sneers of enemies.

"Ho!" her own mother would call at her as she passed the smoke-filled cottage by the river. "And how is our little one today? Still drinking his milk and brushing his curls, hey?"

Marie-Jeannine tossed her head and stalked by, her nose in the air. They would laugh now, but wait until the child was grown and — and Prime Minister, perhaps!

Or a famous star of the screen appearing in the nearby city with golden girls on every hand, far different from the dark and swarthy maidens who surrounded him in the village.

There was nothing here — nothing for a slim,

attractive child who turned his mother's heart in her breast every time she looked at him.

Here was only a living death, hemmed in on every side by ox-like men of the soil, and gipsy-dark women and girls who, soon enough, learned to put away from them for ever any dreams they may once have had of romance, beauty, glamor.

Men who spent their days mating their cattle, scraping a hard living from the thin, boulder-strewn soil which, often enough, killed them with frustration and despair.

Men like these were not to be expected to perform as great lovers, with the smooth charm of a Chevalier or the disturbingly seductive air of a Montand.

When he was thirteen Francois came in with a bloody nose. He seemed calm enough, almost detached.

"They were laughing at me," he said in answer to his mother's query. "They were calling me curly-locks."

Marie-Jeannine ruffled the silken curls lovingly. "Take no notice, son," she said. "They are jealous because you are not like they are. They will never be more than peasants, while you —!"

She gazed at him fondly. "Who knows what you will be, Francois?" she said softly. "Who knows?"

His father saw the matter differently. "You stood up to them, eh?" he said as he stood by the sink, drying his hands. "Good for you, boy!"

To page 47

My make-up man did wonders with my face

Darlings,

WHAT a ball I had doing my first batch of interviews on film for "A Current Affair" on Channel 9.

Although I was more than a bit apprehensive about it — after all, it was the first time I had done my own producing — all went like clockwork.

At 8 a.m. my make-up man arrived . . . pure vanity on my part. I had that wonderful Gene Hibbs who has done all the biggest stars for years and is a wizard — he makes one look absolutely divine. Have a look at "A Current Affair" and tell me what you think of the job he did.

Pattie, one of my best friends, came and helped

have rosy cheeks and they are carrying Christmas packages done up with bows and bright paper. It's just like in the movies. I am a nut for Christmas . . . am planning a big party, but I'll tell you about that later.

COLOR TV is an absolute joy but it does have its drawbacks, particularly for dieters.

You have no idea how much more enticing those advertised goodies look in splendid color. It is much harder to stick to one's guns when it all looks so real and yummy.

And the ads for removing all those unpleasant ills from dandruff to athlete's foot also look so much more graphic that one has only to have the slightest touch of hypochondria and one becomes a chemist's dream.

For instance, the ad for a certain itch cream is so realistic that I almost break out in a rash every time it comes on. And I defy anyone not to get a real headache from another headache-remedy ad which shows reds and purples pounding in a huge head.

DITA COBB'S Dateline Hollywood

with clothes; Carl Parsons, my manager, did the continuity; Jack Taylor, one of the better cameramen in this town, did the filming and lighting; and a dear man, Bill . . . can't remember his surname . . . did sound. So quite a big crew presented itself at Tiffany's pretty store.

After Tiffany's we did Bill Conrad (from the TV show "Cannon"), then I had my acupuncture doctor put a staple in my ear (remember my diet) at my house, and, again at my house, I did the segment with Emily McLaughlin — Jessie Brewer from "General Hospital."

We started at 10 a.m. and finished at 6 p.m. and, if I may boast a little, everyone congratulated me on my professionalism. Even the customers at Tiffany's, who watched the whole thing, applauded when I finished, and said that I should have a show here.

I know I should not show off like that, but if I can't tell you, darlings, about my tiny triumphs whom can I tell? So please bear with me.

MY loves, Beverly Hills is so pretty with all its Christmas decorations. Every lamppost is made into a huge Christmas tree and across the huge width of Wilshire Boulevard are Santa Clauses in sleds pulled by reindeer.

Since it's cold, people

THERE seems to have been a great lot to say recently about America's greed . . . especially when one is with non-Americans.

At the recent UN World Food Conference in Rome, an Indian potentate went on and on about how America is responsible for feeding his country as repayment for years of exploitation under colonialism.

I can't see exactly how that is America's fault.

However, apart from that, America has always been first with massive aid for any country that needed it.

For anyone who wants to have a go at the United States, one of their favorite quotes is that America consumes 30 percent of the world's resources. They conveniently forget that she also produces about 48 percent of the world's output.

There is a lot wrong with America and her people are the first to admit it, but, Americans work hard for what they want, and are, on the whole, pretty careful about over-population.

I love this place and am sick of the international sport of knocking it.

There, I had to get that off my chest.

HAVE a wonderful Christmas and a stunning New Year.

More next week.

Best tobacco money can buy

There must be a reason why Rothmans is the world's largest selling — most wanted — King Size Virginia. It's simply this: Rothmans extra length, finer filter and the best tobacco money can buy give you true King Size flavour. Rothmans King Size really satisfies.



WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING KING SIZE VIRGINIA

Rothmans
KING SIZE

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
20

FILTER TIPPED

WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

There was something of surprise in his voice and the way his eyes narrowed as he stared searchingly at his changeling son. "I wouldn't have expected it."

"I can fight," Francois said in a surly manner. "I often have to."

"Do you?" Both parents turned to look at him. His mother put a hand out toward him. "Oh, son, you shouldn't!"

She meant: Don't let them damage you, don't let them break your nose or scar your face.

But his father was pleased. He stood for a moment, then grunted and turned away to eat his evening meal.

Francois shrugged and climbed the narrow stairs to his bedroom. There, at least, he felt safe from everyone, parents and enemies alike.

The day was approaching, all too rapidly, when the boy's future would have to be decided. His father had never taken any notice of Marie-Jeannine's longings for her son's success; women were full of fancies — it was about the only thing you could say of them with any certainty.

Francois would go into the fields with the other boys, the nonsense would be over once and for all, and the delicious dreams of his mother would fade like the pressed flowers from her marriage posy. Marie-Jeannine was beginning to grow desperate.

She was paying her weekly visit to the city market, walking through the streets in the centre of the town, when the great idea came to her.

Here, away from the peasants haggling over the price of beans and the value of a pig, were the elegant places where smart people could be found, the kind of people she hankered after in her own heart.

The kind her husband only sneered at, without understanding the grace and dignity with which they passed through life. These were the kind of people for her Francois!

At a large plate-glass window Marie-Jeannine paused, regarding her reflection with displeasure.

There was a pink ruffled curtain hiding the window from whatever lay within, and an overdressed Marie Antoinette wig on a stand proclaimed that this was a coiffeur's establishment.

'Maison Henri' was written in gold letters, delightfully curlicued, over the shop front.

Marie-Jeannine stood in deep thought. As she did so a flicker of movement caught her eye and she turned to watch an elegant young man in impeccable clothes leading an elderly lady to the door and out to where a chauffeur waited by the kerb.

"Madame," murmured the young man, bending over the fat hand proffered to him.

"Superlative, Henri!" said the old woman, using her eyes as she must have done when she was fifty years younger — before the folds of fat obscured their beauty. "Formidable!"

Marie-Jeannine watched her climb heavily into the car, lean forward to wave roughly at Monsieur Henri, then back as the car gathered speed and drew away.

At the door the young man stood, tall, slim and enchanting to her eyes, and the expression on his face was subtly changed as his client disappeared in the traffic.

"Fat fool!" he said viciously, and went back into the salon.

"To have such power!" Marie-Jeannine was saying to herself as she made her way to the market again. "To have such wealthy women at one's mercy — to create beauty out of plainness, to have money, to move in such society! Oh!"

She clasped her hands in emotional anguish, startling an ancient, dried-up nanny-goat. "Oh, this is what my Francois must have! This power! This wealth! He must be a hairdresser..."

It was a battle. Her husband first flatly refused to talk on the subject; then he grew very angry and said things she would never

SPRING CROP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

present himself to Monsieur Henri — who took one look at the boy's boots and workaday clothes and deeply regretted having accepted responsibility for his training.

But within weeks he was congratulating himself on having seen the true ability in the boy's neat quick hands; and the creativity hidden in that slim, curl-topped head.

An advance of money had produced passable clothes; expert cutting had reduced the curly mop to elegant proportions. The boy had charm and he had instinctive good manners.

"Where did you learn such manners?" Henri demanded idly.

"My mother," said the boy without embarrassment. "She had it in her mind from my birth that such things were important."

His career thereafter, while not meteoric, was highly satisfactory. From Monsieur Henri he went to 'La Boutique', fifty miles from home; from there to 'Madeleine' on the outskirts of Paris.

Marie-Jeannine sometimes felt that life was so good that she would almost

actresses and the wives of racing drivers could be seen. His clientele would include a princess and several comtesses besides the current star of the opera.

And so this would be the last visit home for Francois; after this year he would send for his mother to stay with him for a fortnight in the late summer (his father's death had made this possible), and the dusty cobbles of the village, the oily river, the country policemen looking for poachers, the grimy, garlic-impregnated inn would see his slim elegance no more.

So it must be a year to remember.

"Go down to the inn," his mother urged when he had eaten a huge meal. "They'll be so pleased to see you. Oh, son," she whispered, fingering his midnight blue velvet jacket and the creamy silk shirt. "Son, how proud I am of you!"

Francois pulled his jacket down resolutely, kissed her on her wrinkling cheek, and strode out manfully. It was not that he was scared — no one had tried to touch him for years — but the ribbing, the rudeness, the ribald comments were

"We're here every day at this time," Pierre said, his eyes pink with merriment, as Francois rose to leave them. "Join us, my boy. We'll make a man of you yet."

Francois heard the yells of laughter as he made his way down the road to his mother's home. He was very thoughtful. It had to be a year to remember.

Marie-Jeannine saw little of her son during the middle of each day. He arranged to have his main meal in the evening and took out with him a packet of sandwiches.

"Where do you go?" she said, puzzled.

"Oh, around," he said vaguely, kissing her cheek as he went to the door. "To the inn for a drink first, then... who knows?"

Pierre and his friends had never enjoyed themselves so much. It beat cock-fighting altogether. Michel and Jean-Philippe had joined the gang, and the five men spent a happy half-hour baiting this new and sophisticated bear.

"He must break soon," they said, savoring the thought. "This pansy creature cannot hold out for ever."

But Francois had steel control. Two drinks and then he said farewell, very politely and was gone. And when the summer drew to an end he

Bertrand opened his mouth to say something, then closed it again. No one noticed because Jean-Philippe had just entered, his face sourly suspicious.

"Enough is enough," he said. "What's the matter with this place? Is there something wrong with the drains?"

The four men turned to look at him, slowly, as if they feared to hear his explanation. "Your wife?" said Pierre at last.

"There's something very strange here," Jean-Philippe muttered. "What have they been up to?" They all turned to Michel and he, stammering, turned red with the pain of what they were all thinking.

"Carole?" he said. "Shall I see if she, too...?" The men nodded, and he stood and turned to go.

The five women spent a contented winter visiting each other in their homes, cat-like in their contentment, never quite meeting each other's eyes. The men, suspicious of they knew not what, watched them with dark lowering brows, and could discover nothing.

In due time the village population was increased by four minuscule boys called Francois, and a tiny Francoise; it was a spring harvest of seed sown in summer delight.

In the months that followed, the happy fathers met in silent comradeship for their lunchtime beers.

"Tell me," one would say suddenly, as if the words burst from him, "does your wife...?" and then he would stop.

For the sons of the earth are not great and romantic lovers like the hairdressers of Paris, and it is difficult to know where one's wife could have learnt the little tricks of seduction and allurements which belong more properly to smart ladies who stroll on the boulevards in the morning sun.

There are things difficult to prove, and perhaps uncertainty is better than having one's suspicions bandied about in public. It is quite bad enough to have been deceived without having to admit that one was deceived by such a man...! A fop, a pansy, a dummy draped in velvet!

The hardest to bear would be that cruel peasant laughter that respects no man. And so they met together in silence and departed to their homes a good two hours earlier than they had been used to do.

And Marie, Julie, Charlotte, Lisa and Carole met to compare notes on their babies' progress, and never seemed to notice the silken, curly hair or the fine, delicate features of their children.

And Francois was very busy that year, running his new salon. So he hardly ever wondered how things were going, in an obscure little village very far from Paris.

(Copyright)

LUCKY CAT by THEO BATTEN



forget; and then he went out and got very drunk.

Francois, sitting by the kitchen table while she sliced vegetables, stared at her face as she enumerated the advantages of life in the world of coiffure.

He saw in her wildly enthusiastic expression some passion unknown among his companions; this was no crude longing to be laughed at and demolished by cruel sarcasm.

He thought about it for a long while that night, lying in bed under the rafters; and by the morning he had decided for himself that there was more future in coiffing the wealthy than in tilling his father's inhospitable land.

The battle was not over, but Marie-Jeannine's husband could recognise when he had lost the war. Skirmishing continued for weeks, but Francois and his mother showed a united front; and when school closed on Francois for the last time it had all been arranged.

On Monday morning he cycled into the town to

be willing to die — if only she could be sure that one of the saints would keep her posted about Francois' triumphant march to the capital.

Nothing could hold him back — and no amount of laughter could hurt him. Francois was a big man now.

But Francois, always outwardly calm in the face of his tormenting friends and relatives, had a deep central pool of hate within him, into which he fed every sneer, every comment, every pointed finger.

It was a thing about him which no-one could have guessed, for he seldom lost his temper, and in these days he managed to avoid the bloody nose and black eyes, too.

He went home once a year, carefully saving his holidays so that he could do what he knew his mother wanted: show himself off to the cackling dullards in the village.

This year was very important to him. After the holiday he would go back to Paris to open his own salon, in the smart area where film

ineffably boring, the round, red faces doubly so.

Pierre was the first to see him; Pierre was an old school chum, now sporting a gigantic beer belly and a dragged bandit moustache.

"Well, it's the mother's son himself! Come here. Francois, old friend of my youth, and I'll buy you a beer."

"That's a lovely piece of cloth," said Martin, fingering the velvet jacket with his thick, grubby hands. "Straight from a lady's boudoir."

"And the hair," said Bertrand, sniggering wetly into his drink. "Could you make my hair go like that, Francois, my pet?" he said, his eyes running with tears of laughter, and pointing to his own bald pate. "Oh, Monsieur Francois, I washed my hair and I can't do a thing with it!"

The noise was intolerable, the smell hideous. Francois was silent, drinking his drink, watching, saying nothing because he no longer knew the language. But his eyes were everywhere.

left the village, never to return.

It was a clear autumn day when Pierre ran gasping into the inn and called for drinks all round. "I'm to be a father," he said in wonder when he could speak. "My Marie is expecting a child! I'm to be a father!"

Martin's news came a week later. "After so many years," he said, weeping happily into his beers. "My little Julie! I tell you — this winter she will not cut the wood for the stove. I, Martin Leblanc, will do it!"

Bertrand's wife was forty-five if she was a day, and their children had been grown up and married for many a year when he, puzzled and lowering, broke the news to his friends.

"Another child," he said. "It's all very well, but a man wants his peace at my time of life. I shall still be working my fingers to the bone when I'm eighty at this rate."

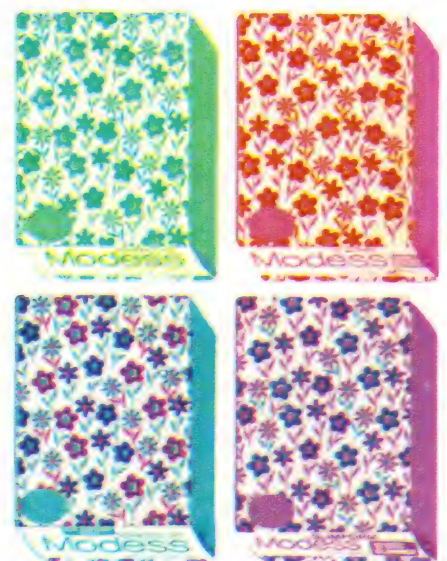
Michel slapped him on the back. "There's life in the old dog," he said. "If you felt like that you should have kept away from her."



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Johnson & Johnson

Night lighting for your flower beds

It's not always the brightest colors that show up well under night lighting. Deep reds and blues can look almost black, and while some reds glow well if in bright light, they are dull where light is dimmer. Silver-greys and whites usually look best, with yellows and lighter pinks mixed in for extra sparkle.

IN THE GARDEN by ALLAN SEALE

ILLUMINATION from this mushroom-shaped outdoor light will give a new dimension to this pretty garden when darkness falls.



COLOR comes mainly from seasonal flowers, so for permanent effect choose some of the lighter-colored foliage plants, and put your annuals between them.

Usually you can lift low, matting foliage plants and put potted specimens between them for special effect. A clump of daffodils with golden trumpets and grey-green foliage, for instance, looks magnificent under or near a garden light, but its glory is short lived.

If the bulbs have been planted in a plastic plant bucket you can bury this up to its rim in the required spot in the garden, leave it there while in flower, and remove it when the bulb foliage becomes straggly.

Yellow violas

Yellow violas may not be quite as dramatic as daffodils, but are wonderful for these feature positions, as they flower for months and are easily intermingled with foliage plants, either in pots, or tucked into the soil.

Petunias will fill the summer/autumn gap when violas are beginning to tire. There are beautiful, large-flowered whites and pale pinks in the Cascade strain that show out well at night. These can be quite dramatic, featured in a large pot where the naturally trailing plants can spill over.

Pink or white dwarf bedding begonias are ideal where something lower and more compact than petunias is needed, or for partly shaded areas where other summer bedding plants may not flower well. These useful little begonias are showy from late spring to late autumn. They may start earlier and continue later in warm districts.

White alyssum

White alyssum is another long-flowering, carpeting gem for night-lit feature spots, and dwarf-growing, pale pink cluster roses such as China Doll are also effective.

Foliage plants that stand out well at night, and look well all year:

Snow-in-summer, *Cerastium tomentosum*. A scrambling mat of small, narrow, silver-grey foliage. Small white saucer-shaped flowers almost cover the plant in late spring. Clip off these flowers when finished to keep the plant attractive. In wet districts, centres of old clumps may brown or become sparse, but they can be replanted every two years. Outer sections of clump may make roots; or short pieces can be struck as cuttings.

Lamb's ear, *Stachys lanata*. Dense clumps of large, pointed oval, leaves covered in silvery down. Tall flower spikes come in late spring. These are cut off as

they age and, if necessary, clumps replanted.

Variegated ivy shows out beautifully below garden lamps. Its glossy texture gives pleasant contrast with downy-foliaged plants. Any of the smaller leafed types such as Glacier and Silver King or larger, variegated Canariensis can be used.

Grey or downy-leafed succulents are also useful, especially in spots kept fairly dry by wide, umbrella-shaped lamp reflectors. These include:

Cotyledon barbeyi with downy-grey, shovel-shaped 3in.-long leaves; 12 to 18in. tall. ***Sedum platyphyllum*** is similar. ***Kleinia repens*** is more erect, with cylindrical, blue-grey leaves; 12 to 18in. tall.

Kalanchoe

Kalanchoe fedtschenkoi, 8 to 10in., has rounded, waxy, slightly toothed leaves varying from lime green to amethyst-tinged purple to bronze on the edges. It freely produces pendulous, pale-pink to bronze bell flowers, in spring.

In the lower-growing, light-foliage succulents there is low, bushy little aptenia with cream and green foliage studded with small magenta daisies, in late spring.

Then there are the small-foliaged, carpeting, grey or white sedums, and rosetted echiverias with smooth, blue-grey foliage.



Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell with Tran and Shaya, at their home at Whyalla Stuart, S.A.

TRAN THI, OUR DAUGHTER FROM VIETNAM

KAY MITCHELL tells of her long struggle to adopt an Asian baby, and of the delays, worries and frustrations that preceded her new daughter's arrival in Australia.

OUR story really begins long before 1973, but concerns only our unsuccessful efforts to adopt an Asian child before that year.

After writing hundreds of letters to government departments, politicians, and virtually any name mentioned in connection with overseas adoptions, we had almost given up hope.

Then, one morning early in May, 1973, I saw a newspaper article about the Australian Adoptive Families' Association having got some children out of Vietnam. It mentioned the name of the South Australian secretary.

I grabbed the Adelaide telephone directory, upsetting my coffee in my haste, and looked up the number. Then, despite being six months pregnant, I almost ran to a phone box.

A gentle but authoritative voice answered my call. My mouth went dry. How to begin? I felt terribly unsure of myself, as the only people who had been able to adopt these children were obviously reasonably well off, people of some importance.

However, the secretary seemed to welcome my inquiries, and although he was a bit taken aback at our tender ages, 22 and 25, the fact that we had been married for four years seemed to reassure him.

He assured me that if we joined the association they would do everything possible to help us.

We immediately sent off our membership, then applied for adoption papers from the Welfare Department. These came back amazingly quickly, and we spent an evening poring over the questions, filling out that we required a mixed origin or Asian child.

In a matter of weeks we had our first home call. The young man who interviewed us must have realised I was pregnant, but he made no reference to it.

Before we went to the welfare office for our final interview, our daughter, Shaya, was born. She was a blonde, with the bluest, roundest eyes.

Shaya was one month old when we went for the final adoption interview. The lady who saw us was horrified to see we had such a young baby, and told us in no

in a blanket, and ran up to Sue's. I rang Ian.

Quietly he said, "We have a month-old baby girl in Vietnam."

I thrust Shaya into Sue's arms as she was passing with her own three-month-old, then asked him to repeat it.

The name sounded like bells tinkling, "Tran Thi Diem Phuong" I could almost picture her. But one month old! We had asked for any child under eighteen months, but as young as possible.

It meant we could have twins, almost. We did not even consider not taking her. We would just get two of everything. Financially, the thought horrified us, but who cared. We had our baby girl, and would have gladly spent our last cent on her — funny, as we would not consider conceiving Shaya until we had a nest egg behind us.

Ian said he'd been told the baby was very tiny, and suffering from malnutrition and dysentery, but was otherwise healthy. My heart bled for her. I ached to get her home.

I hung up the phone in a dream, and tottered into the next room where Sue was juggling two babies on her knee. I almost floored her when I told her the baby's age.

That night Ian and I discussed our new little girl. Although her christian name was Phuong, we decided to call her Tran Thi, thus retaining part of her

READER'S STORY

uncertain terms that had they realised, our papers would never have been processed. We held our breaths, but she was very nice about it, and gave us the go ahead. The Adoptive Families notified us of our baby girl late one afternoon towards the end of November. Shaya was almost four months, and I was trying to get her to sleep when my friend from up the road arrived with the message from Ian. I was to ring him back immediately.

Imagining family tragedy, I picked up my overtired, grizzling child, wrapped her

continued overleaf

PATTERN of the week

Chosen by SARA van GELDER

From Very Easy Vogue Patterns a most attractive simple dress (in two lengths) that can be dressed up or down for day or evening wear. A semi-fitted design, it features a flared skirt, V-neckline, short kimono sleeves and can be made with or without patch pockets. Use stretchable knit fabrics only such as double knits or jersey.



Vogue pattern 8848. Short-sleeved dress in mid-knee or evening length. Misses' sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16. Price \$1.87 including postage.

Pattern Service P.O. Box 371, Auburn, N.S.W. 2144. (N.Z. readers: P.O. Box 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) No C.O.D.

TRAN THI, OUR DAUGHTER FROM VIETNAM — continued

from previous page

Vietnamese name. We had a copy of her passport photo. She was enchanting, a tiny round face with huge black eyes, and masses of long black hair.

The next month passed in a whirl. As if we did not have enough on our plate, Ian received notification of a transfer from Mount Barker to Whyalla.

We set off, reasonably reassured that all our papers were in order, and that Tran's plane ticket was in Saigon.

It worked out that we would be holidaying in the South-East over Christmas, and the orphan children were due to arrive in Melbourne with their escort, Mrs. Huxley, during the last week before Christmas Day. We were elated, everything seemed just a matter of time.

Then came the first bombshell. An innocent-looking letter arrived, but it said Tran had been rushed to hospital with malnutrition and dysentery.

Stayed by phone

We left on our holidays with worry, hoping that no news was good news. On our arrival in the South-East we stayed tied to the phone for a week, waiting for the call to tell us to rush to Tullamarine Airport. It did not come.

The day before Christmas we knew something was wrong. Mrs. Huxley must have left Vietnam with the children by now. We rang Adelaide. Our contact had been worrying about how to break the news. Tran now had pneumonia.

It became obvious she had to be left behind. I was given Mrs. Huxley's telephone number. I rang her.

"I'm sorry I had to leave your baby," she said. "She is a beautiful child." It was too much. I hung up and burst into tears.

Christmas was a nightmare, so much festivity and celebrating. My thoughts were in Vietnam. Shaya sensed my emotion, and became upset and difficult.

We arrived back in Whyalla early in January. We still had heard nothing. Towards the end of the month, we got a call. Tran was out of hospital, and they were making arrangements to get her out of Vietnam as quickly as possible. She desperately needed expert medical attention. There was a possibility she may come on January 21. It ticked by, we heard nothing.

Then at 9.30 a.m. on Saturday, February 2, we were lying-in late when a message came that Tran was in Australia! We must be in Melbourne by 3 p.m. It was impossible.

Ian rushed out to ring the man who had escorted her to Melbourne, and after

numerous phone calls it was arranged that she would be put on an Adelaide-bound plane due in at 5.30 p.m.

But all northern roads were cut by floods! We packed for the babies, regardless, dropped the dog off at friends', and awaited the all clear from the Automobile Association. At 12.30 p.m., the roads were considered passable. We were on our way.

We hit the city at 5.15 p.m., took a wrong turn, and ended up miles from the airport. We finally limped into the car park 25 minutes late, hot bothered.

I felt we had let Tran down. We raced up the lounge area carrying a bewildered Shaya, and came across a group of people in various states of pandemonium. Among them was a sprinkling of Asian children.

There was only one babe in arms, a tiny, hairless little blanket-wrapped bundle that must surely be far younger than Tran. I shook my head at Ian's inquiring glance.

Two little girls had had to be left behind. I heard someone say, I tottered to the rear of the group with Shaya, feeling the familiar dread.

Then Ian was at my side, saying, "Come on, she's here, this is her."

I looked at the smiling face of the lady offering me the hairless bundle. Then my gaze transferred to the child. Her face was tiny and round, with huge, almond-shaped, vacant eyes. I wanted to cry, but took her into my arms, instead. I did not care if she had no hair. She could be as bald as a badger all her life. I loved her, and she was mine.

We took her back to a motel, where we received the real shock. She was drenched in perspiration, shivered and

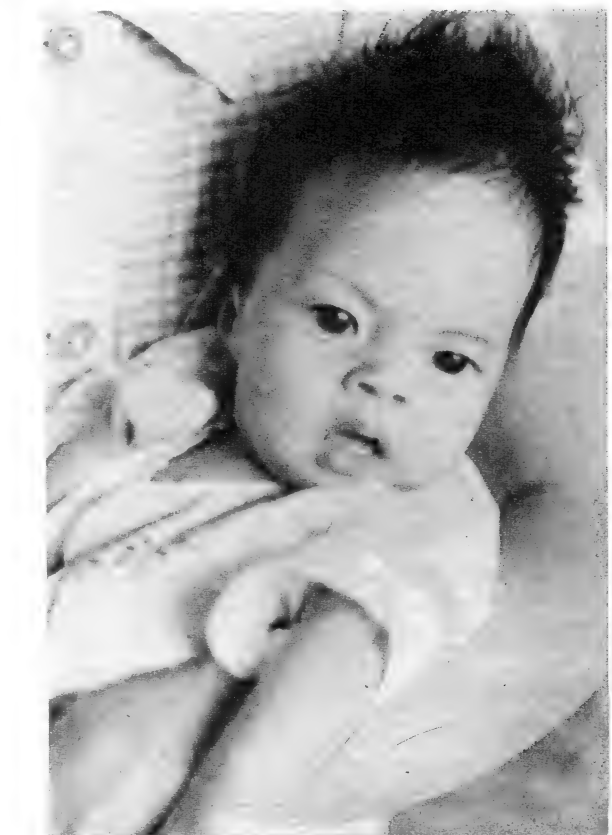
"My gaze transferred to the child. Her face was tiny and round, with huge, almond-shaped, vacant eyes. I wanted to cry, but took her into my arms. She could be as bald as a badger all her life. I loved her, she was mine."

shook like a malaria case, and had a shocking cough.

When I unwrapped her to put her in dry clothes I almost recoiled in horror. She could not lift a limb, and although three and a half months' old, weighed less than eight pounds. She smelt dreadful, and her tummy was so swollen I could not find her legs. I put on a clean napkin, which fell off when I lifted her.

That night and the next week was an absolute nightmare. Through trial and error we discovered Tran had to be fed half-strength newborn baby formula every three hours, night and day, then had to be walked back to sleep.

Shaya was aghast at this new arrival that demanded my attention so constantly,



PASSPORT picture of Tran Thi before she left Vietnam — and before she contracted the debilitating illnesses which delayed her departure.

and screamed every time she even heard Tran breathe.

I paced the floor with Tran and Ian with Shaya, in an attempt to pacify her. Each time we passed each other we muttered, "Oh God, what have we done?"

After a sleepless night we set off for Whyalla in 40 deg C heat with our new charge. I felt sure she would dehydrate. She just lay limply, perspiring profusely. We gave her fluids constantly. It was a long, unbearable trip.

We had Tran one week when she was admitted to the local hospital with pneumonia. She was there for two weeks, but did not forget us. Her huge eyes

When I picked her up in the ward she met my advances with apprehension. She had forgotten me! I felt rather perturbed, but knew she would soon settle down, with lots of loving. I had to fight my way through hospital staff, who wanted a last cuddle on my way out. Tran had left her impression.

That was March. Now, as I write this, Tran is an unbelievably well-adjusted little girl.

In lots of ways she is ahead of her older sister.

Had people asked me on her arrival when she would sit up and walk, I would have replied, possibly twelve months and eighteen months respectively. Little did we realise that once she learned to digest solid food she would eat three times as much as Shaya, and consequently sat up at six months, crawled at eight, and walked at one year.

It took Shaya some time to accept the situation, but now we have a problem in the opposite direction. They have formed a very strong attachment, and Shaya is completely lost without her little almond-eyed sister.

As I watch four little feet and two bottoms poking from a cupboard, with saucepan lids and pots flying over their shoulders amid giggles of glee, I feel a great sense of achievement.

Tran wins hearts wherever she goes. In fact, we feel too many people tend to ignore Shaya, whom we consider just as beautiful. However, most people do not object to being subtly reminded to include our little Aussie.

To all the wonderful and dedicated people who helped us get our little girl, we say, Thank you.

Schweppes Lemonade: The taste of the big wide world

SLA 309

As I Read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week beginning Dec. 25



ARIES: March 21-April 20

- ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
- ★ For love and matters matrimonial the influences are still slightly off key, and misunderstandings could arise. Stick to routine in finance, and be patient at home and on job.



TAURUS: April 21-May 20

- ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, rose and white. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
- ★ Once again all departments are swinging, with the favorable emphasis on love, loot, and social activities. Home front could develop pressure, but keep your cool.



GEMINI: May 21-June 21

- ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, yellow, pale green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
- ★ Financial matters may be erratic — you will probably overspend — but the other sections have reasonable aspects. Group activities should prove enjoyable, and there could be a new harmonious relationship.



CANCER: June 22-July 22

- ★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, brown, white. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- ★ Home matters could be tense — refrain from hasty speech that could cause a miniquake. Social shindigs are prominent; and finance encouraging.



LEO: July 23-August 22

- ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, tan, gold. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
- ★ At home try to maintain an atmosphere of congeniality even if you feel uptight. All other departments have promising influences, especially the social.



VIRGO: August 23-September 23

- ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, yellow, pale green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
- ★ Pleasant aspects for home affairs; in fact all sections on the ball. However, watch extravagance. Unwise spending could lead to emotional tension.



LIBRA: September 24-October 23

- ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, rose, white. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
- ★ Venus in irritating mood, but keep the wrath well bottled — these tizzies soon disappear. The accent is on social gatherings and some interesting new friends. Finance — fair.



SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

- ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
- ★ Some of you may feel a certain discontent associated with the past. Forget it and anticipate the future, and with enthusiasm. Except for some muddle in job matters, all sections are swinging.



SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

- ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, purple, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
- ★ For love and matrimonial affairs there are sympathetic influences. You are clever and imaginative — try and put these gifts to good use. Finance — fair.



CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

- ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, grey, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
- ★ Love and friendship are well aspected, and there could be unexpected gains financially. On the job, be on the lookout for any weakness in ideas or plans.



AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

- ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
- ★ Some pleasant surprises romancewise. A week to offer and receive affection freely. Financial affairs are favorably emphasised, but double check any accounting matter.



PISCES: February 20-March 20

- ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, pale green, mauve. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
- ★ The accent is on the social side of life but if you must be the "hostess with the mostest," try and hold down the hospitality costs. Come the new year, you may need the shekels.

THE GOOD LORD WILL PROVIDE

By LAWRENCE TREAT
and CHARLES M. PLOTZ

Dear Judy,

State Penitentiary
April 3

It's been a whole year now a whole long year without you. But I been a real good prisoner staying out of trouble like a cat stays away from water. They all say I'll get my parole next April, plenty of time to put in a crop. So hang on, you and Uncle Ike.

The only thing bothering me is I ain't heard from you in so long. Why? What's happening?

Judy, it's not like I done anything wrong. All I did was drive that car. I didn't know they had guns and itchy fingers, I didn't even know them good. They was just a couple of city fellas hanging around a bar and I got chinning with them and happened to let drop I was the champeen stock car racer of Hadley County.

Maybe I was a little stupid but when they said they'd pay me right then and there to take them to the bank next day and then on out to the back hills — well all I did was ask how much.

And when they told me I plumb near keeled over. Because it was almost as much as we needed for that mortgage payment. I figured money was money and if they was taking a lot of it out of the bank, why wouldn't they be generous? What I didn't know was they didn't have no account there.

So I reckon I was real stupid. But stupid or not I sure was lucky because if I'd stayed with that pair much longer I'da got killed too.

But I done what I was paid for, so I come back where I belonged. And if they took fifty thousand like the papers said or a million I wouldn't know. I was waiting out in the car and all the money I ever seen was what I give you. And like I said, I got it the day before and it wasn't stolen from the bank.

The sheriff kept asking me where the stolen money was. After all the two bank robbers was dead with no trace of the money and all the sheriff had was me. Just a poor dumb farmer with a knack for handling a car.

But I don't want to worry you with all this. I'm real lonesome for you like I said. So when are you coming up here to visit me? And how are you and how's Ike and the farm?

Your loving husband
Walt Hadley

Dear Walt,

April 10

I got your letter and the reason I ain't come to see you is that I just don't have the money for the trip. Besides I got to do all the chores now. Uncle Ike's down with the rhumatiz again and Doc Saunders says he won't be up and around until the warm weather sets in. And when Ike's feeling puny he wants me around all the time and all he does is complain.

He even tried to chase George off the place when George come around in his new car to ask me out for a ride. And I sure needed to get away from the farm for awhile.

George was real nice to me too. He wanted to know how I was getting along without you and if I missed you much. Well I said it was kind of lonesome.

George got my meaning wrong but I straightened him out real good. Afterwards I told him we was liable to lose the farm unless we got that mortgage installment paid and how could I pay it until I got a crop in?

And I said that what with George getting promoted to be vice president of the bank he could maybe do something. He said he'd see what he could manage and that was as far as we got.

Anyway it was nice getting away from Ike for awhile, specially when George took me to dinner at that new place in town.

Walt, I wish you was a banker too.

Your loving wife
Judy

Dear Judy,

State Penitentiary
April 15

I know it's hard on you with Ike to take care of it's even worse. But the good Lord will provide, Judy, and I know what I'm saying.

About George and the bank holding off — you want to get it writ down. So next time you see him you want to ask him about Ruthie Watkins which I found out about from a guy up here named Ernie Taylor.

Ernie and me get along fine because the both of us we're innocent men and we shouldn't be here. But as long as we are we talk about things and Ernie happened to mention some letters he got hold of which George writ to this Ruthie Watkins.

Your loving husband
Walt

Dear Walt,

April 22

George took me out to dinner again. And like you told me to I just happened to mention Ruthie Watkins and then I said about the mortgage and how it ought to be writ down. And the very next day I got a letter from the bank promising to hold off until autumn but I don't know what good it's going to do.

Because next time I was out with George, Ike got hold of some whisky and after that he got in the tractor. as far as that big ditch on the west side. Ike didn't get hurt bad, just a bruise or two but you ought to see what's left of that tractor.

So how do I make that mortgage payment with no crop coming in? And if I don't pay up we got no farm.

I'm tired, Walt. I'm plumb tired and just about at the end of my tether. You said the good Lord will provide — but how? How?

Your loving wife
Judy

State Penitentiary
April 28

Dear Judy,

You got to be patient like I said and the Lord will provide. Because he come to me in a dream and He said that there was something buried in the south field that would take care of us. I only got a year to go, then I'm going to dig up that something in the south field and after that everything's going to be all right.

Your loving husband
Walt Hadley

Dear Walt,

May 4

I don't know how to tell you this but I'll just set it down the way it happened.

You know how Ike hates the law. So when the sheriff and six deputies showed up the day before yesterday Ike tried to chase them away.

But I don't rightly know what the sheriff come for and you'll never tumble to what those deputies did.

Walt, they went down to that south field and the six of them spent the whole day digging and then they come back the next day and kept on until they dug up just about every inch of that field.

I asked them lots of questions and one of them — I think he come all the way down from the prison — he said as how all your mail gets read. Walter, what did he say that for?

Your loving wife
Judy

State Penitentiary
May 7

Dear Judy,
Now plant.

Your loving husband
Walt

Mel had always called it the quiet season but suddenly on this clear crisp morning all hell broke loose

MINUTES of TERROR

By
DONALD
HONIG

MEL GIFFORD'S HOUSE was the last on the dirt road, which ran nearly a mile in from the highway before becoming a dead end.

There were only two other houses along the road and then Gifford's, and beyond that nothing but the pine forest, slowly elevating itself along the mountain slope.

There were ski trails on the other side of the mountain and when the Vermont winter drained the sky of color and spilled its snows, the area became a bustling ski resort.

Now it was November, one of the two transitional seasons (the other occurred in April); the fall foliage was gone and the snows had not yet come.

Gifford called it the quiet season. There were no tourists on the roads or in the woods, and things were quieter in town too.

Certainly there were fewer people coming into the bank. Many of the local businessmen took their vacations this time of year, just before the onset of the ski season.

"I wish my business were seasonal," Gifford said that morning after the alarm had brought him jarringly awake. He sat up in bed and with dull eyes faced the dim grey morning.

Helen had barely moved. He looked at her inert bulk under the covers. No one ever looked graceful lying under covers.

"I said —" he began again.

"I heard you," she said, talking into her pillow.

"I wouldn't mind a month's vacation right now. Hadley left for Florida yesterday, for a month."

Hadley owned the next house down the road. The third house, the one nearest the road, had been rented as a ski lodge for the winter; the owners had already vacated and the new people had not arrived yet. So both houses were empty.

"A whole month," Gifford said, yawning. "He was in the bank the other day to say goodbye. Said he was going to turn off the gas, the electricity, the phone and pack up and go. The lucky devil."



"You'd better get up," Helen said, "and wake the kids."

Gifford got out of bed and stood by the window. He gazed listlessly for a moment and then, as he turned away, he thought he saw something move among the pine trees.

He turned back and stood at the window again, squinting.

"I think I saw a deer," he said.

"Must be a crazy one," Helen said drearily. "Doesn't know the hunting season's started, I guess."

He continued to peer out at the woods, hoping to catch sight of whatever it was that had moved, but all he saw was the extraordinary stillness of the pine in the windless grey light.

After several minutes, he said, "I think I saw a deer."

"Mel," his wife said, still talking into her pillow, "please wake up the kids. You've got to take them to school."

"And open up the bank and sit behind my desk and smile at everybody. Look, I think I saw a deer and if I did, then it's the most exciting thing that's happened to me in six months."

"Don't be bitter, darling."

"Who's bitter?" he muttered, leaving the window.

He put on his dressing-gown and walked across the hall, first to Jennifer's room. He opened her door and paused, listening to the seven-year-old snoring lightly.

Then he walked to the bed, gazed for a moment at the sleeping face, the dark hair sprawled over the pillow. Gently he put his hand on her shoulder and shook her. A querulous look crossed her sleeping face as she began to turn.

"Good morning, Jennifer," he said.

Her eyes opened, searched sleepily for a moment, then found him standing there by her bed.

"Get up, sweetheart," he whispered.

She stretched and yawned.

"Right?" he asked.

"Right."

Then he went to Billy's room. The eight-year-old boy was already up.

"I was dreaming, Dad," he said when Gifford walked in.

"Tell me about it later. First, get dressed."

Gifford returned to the bedroom window and peered out again, a puzzled frown on his face. Helen was fully awake now, lying in bed watching him.

"I thought I saw a deer," Gifford said, studying the pine forest with gravely thoughtful eyes. The night shadows seemed to be lingering among the poised, graceful trees. Nothing was moving.

"Maybe it was a hunter," Helen said.

"The woods are posted."

"Since when has that stopped them?"

"Well," Gifford said, "they'd better keep away from here."

After he had washed and shaved and dressed, he sat down to breakfast with his family. Billy and Jennifer yawned, and toyed uninterestedly with their food.

Gifford noted it but said nothing; there was a general ennui in the house this morning which was catching.

While Helen helped the children into their coats, Gifford stood at the hall mirror, gazing at himself in a rather detached way.

He was thirty-eight and he supposed he looked it. His brown hair had begun to thin. Soft, passive lines were appearing around his mouth.

His brown eyes were cool, unreadable; good eyes for a banker to have; good eyes for listening. He thought he was getting a bit flabby, though he did not really want to admit it.

He'd ski again this winter, maybe do some hiking. Tone up those muscles.

He put on his topcoat, opened the door and went outside. He stood on the porch feeling the cool, fresh morning air on his face, then headed for the garage, hoping he wouldn't have any trouble starting the car this morning.

As he approached the garage — the door was open — he turned and looked over his shoulder one more time at the pine forest. Had he seen a deer or not? So he was not looking at the garage and did not see the man step from inside it and stand in the doorway.

When Gifford finally did turn back and found himself being confronted by the stranger, they were about ten feet apart. He stopped dead in his tracks.

The man was much younger than Gifford, perhaps in his mid-twenties, but there was a lot of hard experience etched into his face, into the calculating

To page 55



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Baby Oil your beautiful body.

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steadiness of his gaze, and in the almost contemptuous nonchalance with which he stood.

He was wearing a plaid jacket which was two-thirds unzipped, and one hand was concealed inside, at once calmly and menacingly.

"Who are you?" Gifford asked. "What are you doing in there?"

"Just relax, Mr. Gifford," the man said, the tone of his voice suggesting he was giving some very good advice. "You just keep your head and do as you're asked and nobody is going to get hurt."

"I want to know what you were doing in my garage."

"We were waiting for you."

"We?" Gifford said.

The second man appeared then, stepping out of the garage. This one was older, perhaps Gifford's age, with that same steady gaze that wasn't necessarily hostile or threatening, that was simply there to be observed, noted.

He was wearing a trench coat and a small felt fedora and he looked somehow, foreign. He was holding a small revolver in his hand, pointed at Gifford.

"Get into the house," he ordered.

"Why?" Gifford asked, making a conscious effort not to look at the gun, as if refusing to acknowledge it, its primacy.

"Because I tell you to," the older man said impatiently.

"My family is in there."

"We know that. And the best way you can help them is to do exactly as we say, with a minimum of fuss and talk."

"There isn't much money in the house," Gifford said. "But whatever there is, you're welcome to."

"Just get in the house," the older one repeated, putting the gun in his coat pocket but keeping his hand on it.

Gifford turned and, followed by the two men, walked back to the house. The door was still open. He could hear Helen talking to the children.

Hearing his footsteps on the porch, she said, "Don't tell me the car won't start."

When he walked inside, followed by the two men, Helen took one look and

moved the children around behind her.

She didn't have to be told that this was trouble. It was written on her husband's face.

"It's all right, Helen," Gifford said. "They haven't explained themselves yet, but it's all right."

Helen turned to the children and said, "These are friends of your Daddy's. Say hello to them."

Shyly, the children nodded to the men.

"Now take off your coats and go upstairs to your rooms," Helen told them. "We'll call you when it's time to go."

Slowly, uncertainly, with backward looks, the children went upstairs. The two men smiled pleasantly at them.

When the children were gone, the older one said, "Well done, Mrs. Gifford. Now, if this kind of co-operation is maintained everything is going to be just fine."

"What do you want?" Helen asked.

"Sit down, both of you," the older one ordered. "It's very simple, really. All cut-and-dried, from point A to point Z."

The Giffords sat down on

MINUTES OF TERROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

"We know that, Mr. Gifford," he said. "Look, if it makes you feel any better, we're not amateurs. We know about these things. We've been studying you and your bank and the habits and procedures of all concerned."

"We've been here nearly a week, and the fact that you haven't noticed us tells you something about our expertise."

"You're not perfect," Gifford said. "I saw you in there yesterday at closing time."

The gunman laughed again, a short, mirthless chuckle. "So we're not perfect," he said, "but don't let that reduce your confidence in us."

"There's nothing like a small-town bank. You're very trusting people here. You don't lock up all of your cash at night. Your tellers leave their cash drawers full. That's what we want."

Gifford looked at the floor. The man was right. It was not recommended practice, but out of old habits

back by, say, nine-twenty. Alf will safely assume that someone tried to upset our plans."

"And then what?" Gifford asked. "What happens then?"

The gunman smiled, shrugged, and said, "Who can tell — with Alf's temper?"

The implied threat infuriated Gifford: the very idea that anyone would think of harming his family almost deranged his thinking for a moment and he had to suppress the impulse to leap at these men.

"All right," the older gunman said curtly, "let's get moving. For you and your family, Mr. Gifford, the clock has begun to tick."

Gifford did not, would not, get up until the revolver had reappeared. Gesturing with it, the gunman brought Gifford to his feet and followed him outside.

"We'll take your car, Mr. Gifford," the man said as they went down the porch steps.

So for the second time that morning Gifford headed

after that. Occasionally they exchanged glances, and when they did, the gunman nodded politely and showed a faint, whimsical smile.

As they neared town, Gifford broke the silence. "Won't it look strange to people," he said, "you walking into the bank with me?"

"No. The people here don't have suspicious minds. No reason for them to."

"Suppose some of my staff show up early?"

"Have they ever?"

"No," Gifford said glumly. "But what happens when they arrive and the bank is closed?"

"I can tell you what will happen. They'll call your home, where your wife, with Alf standing right next to her, will tell them you overslept and are on your way in."

"But if someone has already seen me there, entering and leaving..."

"We'll let them puzzle it out, Mr. Gifford. By the time they begin to become overly-curious it won't matter anymore. Alf and I will be well on our way."

When they reached the bank, Gifford was told to park in the lane adjacent. They got out of the car and, without being seen by anyone, entered the bank. The blinds were drawn, concealing the bank's interior from the street.

"Eight-ten on the button," the gunman said with a note of quiet satisfaction in his voice.

Gifford suddenly whirled and confronted him and, in an unnaturally loud voice, asked, "What happens to my family if we don't get back there on time?"

As if annoyed or perhaps alarmed by this sudden belligerence, the gunman drew his revolver.

"I'm asking you a question, damn you!" Gifford shouted, taking a step toward the other, and as he did the gunman lifted the revolver to eye level and pointed it coldly and directly at Gifford.

"Get on with it, Mr. Gifford," he said testily. "If you have your family's well-being at heart you won't tempt the fates by wasting time. Now, you have the keys to those cash drawers, so get on with it."

Gifford got his keys and began unlocking the drawers. The gunman went with him to the tellers' stations, holding a canvas bag which he had pulled from his pocket, and watched Gifford go from drawer to drawer filling it. The gunman had figured fifteen minutes in the bank; it took less than ten.

"All right, Mr. Gifford," the gunman said when all the drawers had been emptied, "now comes the delicate part — walking out of here carrying an obviously stuffed bag. I might add that with the money now in my possession my outlook on things becomes a bit obsessed."

"The idea of a large sum

of money is one thing, the possession of it is another. If anyone challenges us I'm prepared to use this gun — on you or them. Do you understand?"

"I understand," Gifford said.

"So give me your car keys. In the event I have to shoot you dead I'll have to leave in your car."

Frightened now, Gifford handed him the keys. The gunman seemed tense, even angry, as if the mere thought of having to relinquish the money was intolerable.

They opened the door and walked outside. The street was empty, for which Gifford was grateful, for he had taken quite seriously the man's threats.

They walked around to the lane and got into the car, Gifford in the driver's seat. The keys were returned to him.

"Now head back."

"What time is it?" Gifford asked, then looked at his watch. It was eight-twenty.

"Time is no problem, Mr. Gifford. Just get moving."

Gifford backed out of the lane. Several people were now on the street but seemed to take no notice. In this small, insular town they were so conditioned to minding their business that they seemed to feel it was an intrusion even to glance at someone. Gifford damned their aloofness now.

If any one of them had any brains they would notice that something was amiss here and call the police — except that the police in this town consisted of two middle-aged men who were totally inadequate to cope with a situation like this.

As they drove back along the highway, Gifford began having some disturbing thoughts. What would happen after they returned? Would the two gunmen simply take the money and leave?

The more Gifford thought about it the more his doubts began to grow. At best, they would tie up the family, so as to have ample time in which to get away; and the worst — but Gifford didn't want to think about that.

Grimly silent, Gifford sped along the highway, anxious to get back, to be with his family, to face together whatever happened.

They passed few cars on the highway; there was only the constant passing on either side of the road of the endless evergreen.

Between the monotony of the drive and the consuming depths of his thoughts, Gifford was paying only mechanical attention to what he was doing, to the extent that it was the gunman who had to point out that they were nearing the side road.

"The turnoff is coming up," he said, noting that there had been no deceleration to allow for the turn.

His voice barely penetrated Gifford's reverie and,

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By Rudd



the living-room sofa. While the younger man lounged in the doorway his hand still inside his jacket, an expressionless, uncompromising look on his face, the older one stood before the Giffords.

"I'm going to drive into town with you, Mr. Gifford," he said. "My partner is going to remain here, to oversee your wife and children, as a sort of guarantee for your co-operation until our return."

"You mean you're going to hold them hostage," Gifford said angrily.

"Well, yes. I know you don't like it, but it's the best way, all around, believe me."

"Now, here's what's going to happen. Instead of opening your bank at nine o'clock, as you normally do, you're going to open a bit earlier today, before your staff gets in."

"And you're going to clean it out," Gifford said. "Well, you've overlooked one thing: there's a time lock on the vault. It doesn't open until nine o'clock and there's not a damn thing I can do about it."

The gunman stared sternly at Gifford for a moment, then began to laugh softly.

the tellers did leave their cash in their drawers overnight as crime was virtually nonexistent here.

Bank robbers or other serious criminals all seemed so remote.

When Gifford looked up at the gunman there was resentment in his eyes, as if his trust had been betrayed.

"Now," the older man said, looking at his watch, "it's exactly seven-thirty. The drive into town is forty minutes, which means we arrive at the bank at eight-ten."

"It shouldn't take us more than fifteen minutes to do what we have to do. So it's then eight-twenty-five. With the drive back, we should be returning here at a few minutes after nine."

"That's if he doesn't make trouble," the other gunman added.

"Don't worry, Alf," the older one said, smiling at Gifford. "He won't make any trouble. He knows what's at stake, don't you, Mr. Gifford?"

Gifford said nothing.

"Because," the gunman went on, "if we're not back here on time, and let's allow a few minutes for delays, then his family will be in deep trouble. If we're not

for his garage. This time he went in with his companion, got into his car and backed out. As he turned to head down the driveway Gifford took a last, longing look back at his house.

It suddenly had an aspect of closed, cold inaccessibility. It provoked in Gifford one single, driving resolve: to get this over as quickly as possible and get back to his family.

He had no intention of trying to play the hero. They could take the money and be damned.

As he drove toward the highway he passed the two empty houses and for the first time realised how isolated he was back there.

He passed the gunmen's car along the side of the road and knew that no one would see it, no one would pass who might be curious enough to question its presence.

When they got to the highway Gifford pressed down hard on the accelerator and headed for town.

"Please observe the speed limit, Mr. Gifford," the gunman said. "We don't want to break the law." he added with a sardonic chuckle.

They drove in silence

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PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 words upward; short short stories, 1000 to 1500 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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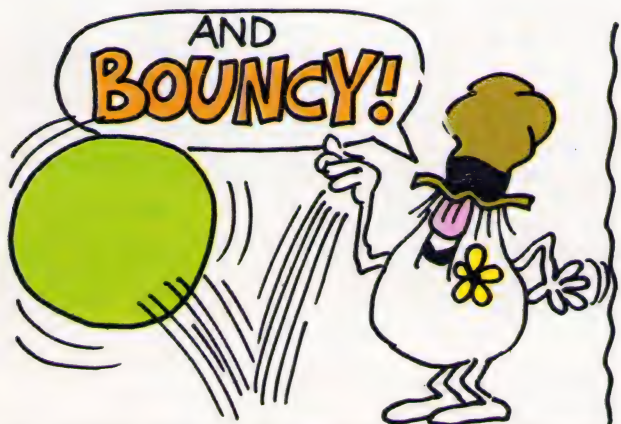
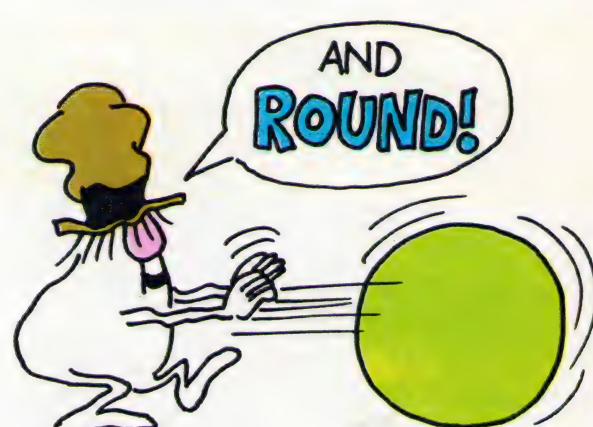
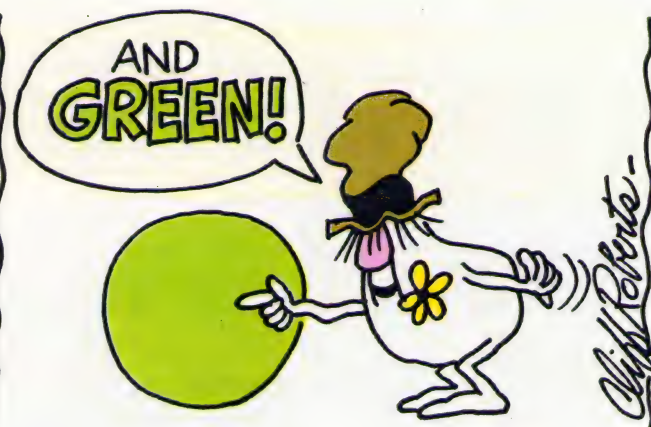
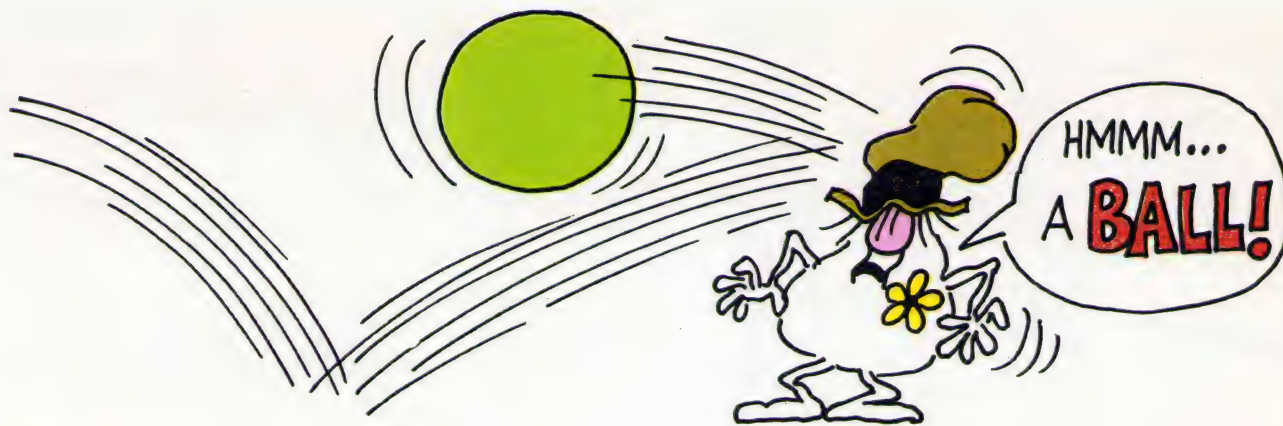
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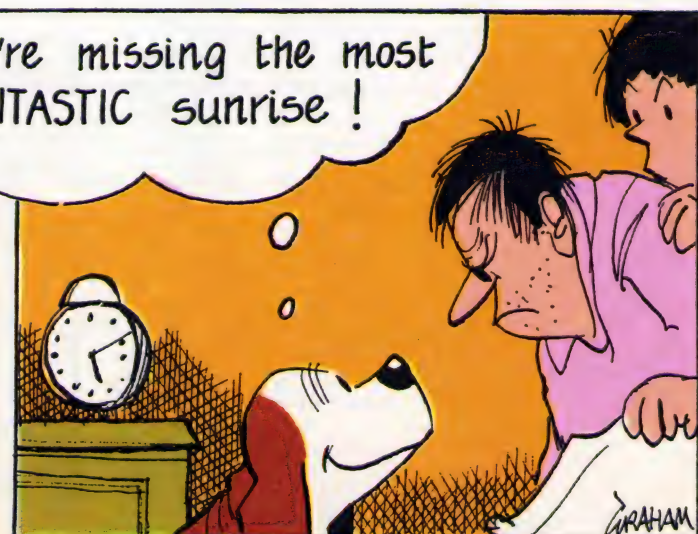
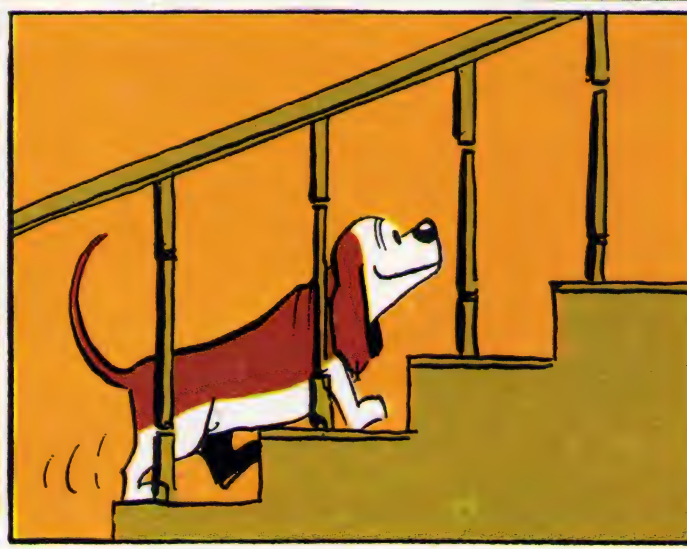
BY CLIFF ROBERTS-

READ THIS OUT LOUD TO A LITTLE ONE.



FRED BASSET

by ALEX GRAHAM





"Just read the letters out loud — don't try to pronounce what they spell."



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with an uncomprehending expression, he turned his head to look at the man.

"The turn is coming," the gunman yelled, pointing ahead with his finger.

Instinctively, without thinking, without braking or even decompressing the accelerator, Gifford suddenly swung the wheel, but the car was going too fast, the angle too sharp.

There was a shuddering and a skidding as the car bounded off the highway onto the dirt road; the trees seemed to be flashing through every window, swooping and abrupt, as if doing some wild dance around the car.

Unable to make its turn, the car made a screeching sound and plunged off the dirt road. It bolted furiously through the roadside brush, ran over some scrub pine and came suddenly and savagely to a stop with a sickening thud against an enormous boulder that had been cast from the mountaintop in another age.

Gifford remembered his head hitting against the window. He thought he had been knocked unconscious then, yet he remembered the car flattening the scrub pine and then the boulder looming up like something rising from the undersea.

He also remembered the jolting and unceremonious stop to which they had come, but it was all vague and unreal, ill-recorded by memory.

He was lying against the door, aware of a dull aching in his head, his thoughts unable for the moment to emerge coherently from under the pain. He blinked to understand what it was he was seeing.

The hood had been thrown into the air by the impact of the

MILKY WAY

"There is no finer investment for any community than putting milk into babies." — WINSTON CHURCHILL (1874-1965)

COOL FOOL

"A man who does not lose his reason over certain things has none to lose." — GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING (1729-1781)

crash and hung now like an open jaw of some voracious bird of prey. He could not immediately remember where he was, what had happened.

Then he turned and saw his companion, and he remembered.

The gunman looked as though he had been hurled against the door with great fury; he seemed crushed and crumpled. His face, in profile, wore an expression of shocked anger, made the

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MINUTES OF TERROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

more furious by a copious flow of blood.

His hat was gone and his hair looked as though it had been about to leave his head and then stopped.

Gifford gazed at him with simple, uncomplicated curiosity, until the realization had set fully in — the man was dead.

Then Gifford remembered all the rest of it and a shock of terror rushed through him. He looked at his watch; it was ten minutes after nine. He turned around and stared with building panic at the road, then undid his seat belt and opened the door and got out.

He walked around behind the car to the other door and opened it. The gunman, who had not been using his seat belt, tumbled softly to the ground. Gifford reached down and took the revolver out of the man's pocket.

He glanced again at his watch. There was still time. Alf was expecting them back by nine-twenty and there would surely be allowed some margin for delay, but how much? He thought about the possibility of going back to the highway and hailing a car but that would consume time.

Another thought occurred: take the bag of money to the house, tell Alf what had happened and perhaps he would go.

The idea was appealing, except that Alf might suspect a trick, might suspect that Gifford was trying to trap him, and in that situation there was no telling what the man might do.

Then, under the pressure of elapsing time, with the determination to help his family, Gifford disdained all further thought and speculation and began to run toward his house, revolver in hand. He passed his neighbors' empty houses.

A fleeting thought to break in and telephone the state police and had to be rejected: the telephones in both houses had been disconnected.

What am I going to do? Gifford kept asking himself. He couldn't simply burst in there, gun or no gun. There was no telling what Alf's frame of mind was, nor what it would become.

Doubtless an awful tension had been building in that house during the past hour. The young gunman had to be getting more and more concerned and nervous, and consequently unpredictable and dangerous.

Gifford stopped in the middle of the road, panting. He lifted his hand and covered his eyes for a moment. Get out of the road, he told himself. Alf would almost certainly be watching the road.

So he began approaching the house in a roundabout way, through the pine forest, moving slowly, cautiously.

When the side of the house came into view he lay down on the pine needles, trying to formulate some plan, some kind of assault that held a reasonable chance of success. *Think*, he told himself. *Think. Think.*

He could enter through a basement window, carefully and quietly, and work his way upstairs and take Alf by surprise — but the least sound, with his wife and children sitting in front of a gun . . . He closed his eyes for a moment.

Were the basement windows locked? He hadn't checked them in months; there was never reason to, in this "crime-free" environment. If they were locked, how could he get in without breaking one? There was no telling what the least sound might provoke in Alf's mind.

He should have gone back to the highway and summoned help, he realised now. This was foolhardy. He had no experience at this sort of thing. He was jeopardising his family.

Then, as he lay there agonising over his situation, a shot suddenly rang out, shattering the pristine silence of the pine forest. Gifford instinctively pressed himself tensely to the ground, his eyes glaring. He looked at his watch: ten minutes after nine.

Only ten minutes after nine?

With his eyes widening in terror he studied the face of the watch. The sweep hand was still. The watch had stopped, probably during the accident. But when? How long ago? How long had he been unconscious in the car?

Now the echo of the shot began to reverberate through him. What was happening in the house?

Without waiting to shape another thought, suddenly seized and impelled by an uncontrollable terror, he got to his feet and began running at breakneck speed for the house, pointing the gun out ahead of him.

He crashed through the underbrush and out on to the road, running faster and faster, driven forward by the single maniacal thought of getting the man who was inside the house, unmindful of his own safety, unencumbered by any idea of stealth or strategy.

That was all gone now, replaced by the primitive urge to protect his family.

He ran across the front lawn, took the porch in two bounds and burst through the front door. He ran through the hallway — and was suddenly confronted by Alf. The gunman was in the act of running from the living-room to the hallway, his gun swung out from his body.

Without stopping, Gifford fired, his finger suddenly frozen on the trigger. The revolver's recoil made his shudder and

stagger as a fury of motion was enacted before him. The running Alf was struck in mid-flight, spun in a half-circle and dropped to the floor.

Gifford raced into the living-room where he found his startled wife standing, her clasped hands covering her mouth.

"Where are the children?" Gifford demanded.

Helen gasped, her fixed eyes upon the smoking

FROM THE BIBLE

Today's English Version

"The word of God is alive and active. It is sharper than any double-edged sword. It cuts all the way through, to where soul and spirit meet, to where joints and marrow come together. It judges the desires and thoughts of men's hearts."

Authorised Version

"For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Hebrews 4:12

revolver in her husband's hand.

"Where are they?" Gifford shouted.

"Upstairs," she said in a small, strained voice that sounded like a gasp.

"Are they all right? Are you all right?"

"Yes-yes-yes," Helen said, trembling.

Then she ran to him as Gifford let the gun fall to the floor and he threw his arms around her.

"I heard a shot . . ." he said, wracked by the unspent tension.

"He was getting more and more nervous," Helen said. "It was terrible."

"He didn't harm any of you, did he?"

"No."

"But what was he shooting at?" Gifford asked.

"He said he saw something moving in the trees. He thought it was the police. But I saw it. It was only a deer . . . but he didn't believe me."

She looked once at Alf's inert body, then closed her eyes and pressed her forehead against Gifford's chest.

"A deer?" Gifford said softly. "That's what he shot at?"

"What happened?" Helen asked. "Are you all right? Are you all right?"

Gifford sighed and shook his head. "Not yet. Give me a little time," he said closing his eyes as he heard his children calling from upstairs.

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Rothmans Ransom Select.
You'll smoke them for their mildness.
You'll enjoy them for their taste.



**ROUND
ROBIN**



ADAIR

KISS ME GOODNIGHT, SERGEANT-MAJOR . . .

I SEE that the Federal Government has announced revised attitudes to make the Army more attractive to women.

Among other things, the Government has cleared the way for mothers with dependent children to enter the Army reserve, and for women to become officers earlier.

I've no doubt all this will please a lot of ladies — for women appear to have long and strong links with the Army.

For instance, I've always thought that Oliver Cromwell had make-up in mind when he advised troops to put their trust in God and keep their powder dry!

Women, too, long have had the habit of knocking off having birthdays after a certain age.

What's that, if it's not marking time?

Women soldiers, no doubt, would finish battles more quickly than males.

No girl likes a long engagement!

Then, women are so obviously suited to many different Army corps.

Those mothers with dependent children obviously would be cut out for the infant-ry!

Girls are good at yak-yak — so why not ack-ack?

The Catering Corps is a ready-made unit for Army lasses — many a girl's stove efforts end up in a mess!

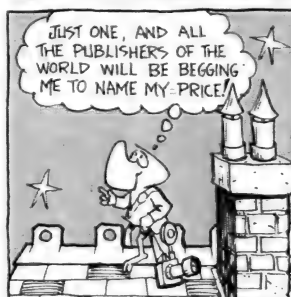
Girls looking for an easy life are not wanted, of course.

There is no room for gold-Diggers.

Also, lasses with weight problems should keep in mind that they would not be allowed to reduce.

They must recall the tradition: "Old soldiers never diet, they merely fade away . . ."

GO-MANGO



AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

"Housework should always appear to be done"

WHERE are you, Mrs. Dawson? And in fact, who are you, Mrs. Dawson?

A long time ago I answered a cry from the heart from a young mother who found she simply couldn't cope with running a house, looking after a small baby, and feeding without-warning guests brought home by her husband.

I called her Mrs. Dawson because I never use people's real names, and gave her a lot of 40 percent joking and 60 percent serious advice. And there was a lot of it, because it wouldn't fit on to this page, and spilled over on to a second one.

In the long search last week for the White House whitewash recipe, I found a copy of my advice to Mrs. Dawson. I read it over, and I thought, "Now that really was good advice. Why did I never have the sense to take it, except very briefly, myself?"

I wonder if Mrs. Dawson took it, and now appears to be a marvellously efficient housewife? Because appears to be is the whole secret of the operation.

My advice was founded on the legal maxim which says, "It is necessary not only that justice should be done, but that it should appear to be done."

It comes out a little differently for housewives. Their maxim reads, "It is not necessary that housework should be done, but only that it should appear to be done."

I pointed out to this poor girl (who had had no training for housework but had coped with it well enough until the baby was born) that the house, or some other house, would be there all her life, but that the baby wouldn't be a baby for long.

I still think that's worth remembering. If you're going to be a stickler for dusting your dusters and polishing your polishers, you're likely to miss a lot of the fun children provide, no matter what age they are.

What you need mostly is lots of cunning

MY first advice to Mrs. Dawson was to lower her sights, and develop a lot of cunning.

In fact all housework should be divided into cunning and cleaning, and you always ought to do the cunning bits first, and fit the cleaning bits in when you have a bit of spare time.

Right. From now on I turn over a new leaf, and take my own advice. I give up the idea that if a room's in a mess the only way to fix it is to turn it out from top to bottom some other time.

There's no advice here for good housewives who keep everything in perfect order because they can't bear it, themselves, if they don't. My advice is only for those who don't really mind a bit of a mess, but are embarrassed by being caught out by visitors.

If you're caught on the hop by unexpected visitors, don't scuttle, don't apologise, and don't start pushing things out of sight. Say nothing at all, or just say airily, "Sorry about the mess. It's been one of those days."

And don't go into competition with any

of your friends whose floors are so clean you could eat off them. Most people prefer a plate and some good conversation, anyway.

But if your friends are critical, the things they'll criticise you for are:

Kitchen mess not stacked up

Dead flowers

An unsavory bathroom

Last night's litter left in the sitting-room.

But you can have the house tidy in 40½ minutes

NOW for the 40½-min. plan, geared to the one-baby family. You'll have to add an extra 10 minutes per child's bedroom, but then you've got a bit more useful time if you haven't a 10 o'clock baby's bath and feed coming up.

You'll have to add an extra 10 minutes per child's bedroom, but then you've got a bit more useful time if you haven't a 10 o'clock baby's bath and feed coming up.

As soon as breakfast's over and the mob has gone, fill the kitchen sink with hot water, dump in everything that needs washing, throw out the rubbish, wipe down the benches, sweep the floor (10 mins).

While the soapy water is doing its work, open the sitting-room windows, pick up any papers, books, or odd bits of knitting, empty the ash trays and throw out those dead flowers (5 mins).

If the floor looks really dirty, run the sweeper over it (2 mins) and rush round the edges, if there are any, with a mop (1½ mins).

Next, the bathroom. Hang out the towels, wipe the basin, brush the lavatory bowl, wipe up any floor puddles and open the window wide (5 mins).

In your bedroom, make the bed, hang up any clothes, put dirty ones to the wash, flick a duster over the dressing-table (10 mins, if you hurry).

Go back to the kitchen and finish washing up (most of it will have soaked off) and drying up, if you're a dryer (7 mins).

That's 40½ minutes, and you have done no housework that a good housekeeper would approve of, but all the parts of your house that visitors are likely to see are fit to be looked at.

If you've still got an hour in hand, that's an hour for cleaning, so use it to vacuum your carpets one day, wash and polish the kitchen floor another, or any other horrible thing that has to be done once a week.

If you haven't got an hour in hand, forget it. The house looks all right, anyway. The absolutely essential thing, for your peace of mind, is never to start a major cleaning job until you've done that cunning cleaning-up.

There are some important DON'TS. Never decide to clean out all the kitchen cupboards. That's asking for unexpected visitors. Do one shelf tonight while the vegetables are cooking, another tomorrow.

Don't hoard things with the idea they'll be useful sometime. They won't.

Don't aim at perfection. Spotless houses are very unwelcoming.

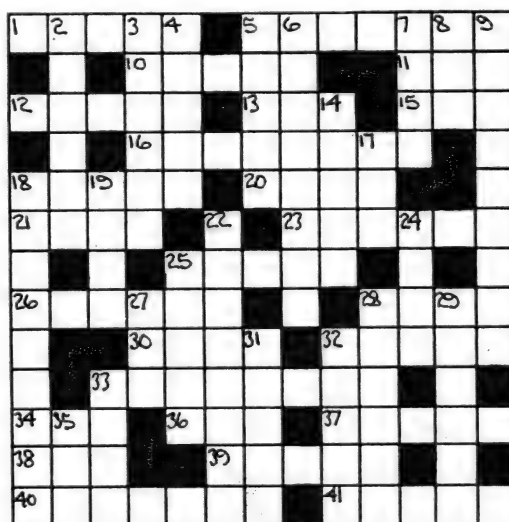
Above all, don't feel guilty. Housework's not the be-all and end-all of any woman's life.

And, anyway, who cares about any of this, right now? What you should be doing is having: A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

QUICK CROSSWORD

ACROSS

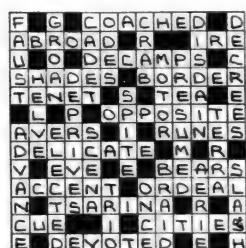
1. Tender.
5. Held firmly.
10. Firearm.
11. Be indebted for.
12. Swift.
13. Turkish commander.
15. Vigor (slang).
16. Condemns as wrong.
18. Involves expenditure of.
20. Thin strip of wood.
21. Possesses.
23. Counting-frame.
25. Girdles.
26. Excludes.
28. Walk for pleasure.
30. Plunder.
32. Very fast.
33. Feels strongly.
34. Form of Esperanto.
36. Owing.
37. Halts.
38. Lubricant.
39. Hackneyed.
40. Irritates.
41. Trap.



Solution will be published next week

DOWN

2. Come after.
3. Builds.
4. Liturgies.
5. Transparent substance.
6. Control.
7. Bursts.
8. Female animal.
9. Dejected.
14. Desert dwellers.
17. Greek letter.
18. State.
19. Rebuke.
22. Determined.
24. Pare.
25. Wide.
27. Beverage.
28. Hurry.
29. Dried herring.
31. Layers.
32. Pauses.
33. Acting part.
35. Expire.



Solution of last week's crossword

HERE'S a great, fun-filled contest for children aged ten and under, with a chance to win \$20, or one of 50 other prizes.

All you have to do is color-in the picture (on this page, at right) of the National Nine Network's lovable TV character, Humphrey B. Bear.

(Humphrey is our giant pin-up to lift out and keep from pages 32-33 in this issue.)

You don't have to slavishly copy the colors in the pin-up. If you want Humphrey to be purple, go for your life!

There are two age-groups for entrants — junior, children six years and under; and senior, those aged seven to ten inclusive.

In EACH age-group, the three entries judged to be the best each wins \$20, and there are other prizes (listed here).

Among the judges will be the Art Director of The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE PRIZES

In each age-group, three prizes, each \$20.

As well, there are consolation prizes of 50 14in.-tall Humphrey B. Bear dolls — 25 for each age-group.

HOW TO ENTER

Children six or under, and seven to ten inclusive, can win any of the prizes by coloring-in the scene, on this page, of Humphrey B. Bear taking a day off from the National Nine Network.

We repeat that entrants can pick their own color schemes.

Coloring can be in pencil, paint, chalk, crayon — any medium.

You can put in as many entries as you like.

Each person's entry or entries must be accompanied by the cut-out entry form on this page, or a copy of that entry form.

To help us read your name and FULL address, use block letters.

Don't forget to put your age. The contest's junior section is open only to children six or under at closing date; the senior section to children seven to ten at closing date. Get a parent (or guardian) to sign the entry form.

Address your entries to WOMEN'S WEEKLY "HUMPHREY" CONTEST, Box 7052, G.P.O. Sydney 2001.

Entries must be received by last mail, Friday, January 24, 1975.

**THERE'S ALSO,
TO LIFT OUT
AND KEEP,
HUMPHREY'S
POSTER ON
PAGES 32, 33
THIS ISSUE**



HUMPHREY B. BEAR COLORING CONTEST FOR CHILDREN



CONTEST CONDITIONS

This contest is open to children six years and under (junior age-group) and seven years to ten years (senior age-group) on January 24, 1975.

Children of employees of the National Nine Network, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd, and their respective advertising agents, and of companies associated with any of them, are not eligible to enter this contest, nor are children of such employees' husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Entries which do not fully comply with these conditions, including entries which are received after closing time, will be disqualified, and all entries, whether disqualified or not, shall become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., on receipt.

The competition entries will be judged by appointees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., who will use their best endeavors to see that every eligible entry is properly considered.

The Australian Women's Weekly Humphrey B. Bear coloring contest ENTRY FORM

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

STATE P/code

Parent's signature

If you wish to send additional entries, copy the above entry form and attach one to each entry.

A little bit of England on your toast
In a world of changing values, there are still traditional qualities to be enjoyed.

Plate and Teapot: Wedgwood Bone China (Suzy Cooper design), 1975; Egg cup: Royal Albert Bone China, 1975;
Table cloth: Irish Linen (Fawn), 1975; Marmalade: Rose's (Tangerine), 1975.



USP 393 R3

Butterick

THE FASHION ONE

3698/3699. — Triangular bikini has narrow shoulder straps and attached self bows. Close-fitting A-line cover-up has front button closing, patch pockets and topstitching. For knit fabrics only. Sizes: 3698: Misses' 8, 10, 12, 14, 16. 3699: Jnr. 7, 9, 11. Price: \$1.47 including postage.

3691. — Girls' dress long or short with optional patch pockets and attached shoulder straps. Sizes: Girls' 7, 8, 10, 12, 14. Price: \$1.47 including postage.

3626. — Flared dress with gathered front yoke, wing collar and front button loop trim. Sizes: Misses' 8, 10, 12, 14, 16. Price: \$1.47 including postage.

3702. — Fitted dress with purchased foldover braid extending into halter neck ties. Sizes: Misses' 8, 10, 12, 14, 16. Price: \$1.47 including postage.

3731. — Dress in two lengths with fitted midriff band and flared sleeves. Sizes: Misses' 8, 10, 12, 14, 16. Price: \$1.47 including postage.

3706. — Wrap-and-Go pinafore with no zippers or fastenings — just slip it on and wrap and tie. Sizes: Misses' 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Price: \$1.47 including postage.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

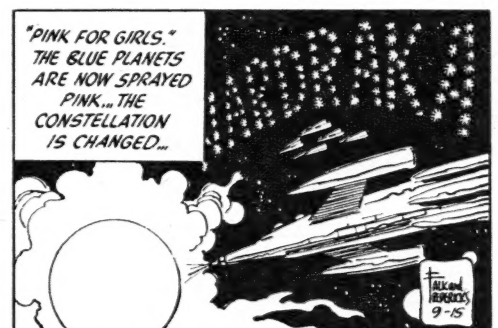
Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 371, AUBURN, N.S.W. 2144. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

| NAME | DESIGN | SIZE | PRICE |
|---------|--------|------|-------|
| ADDRESS | | | |



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

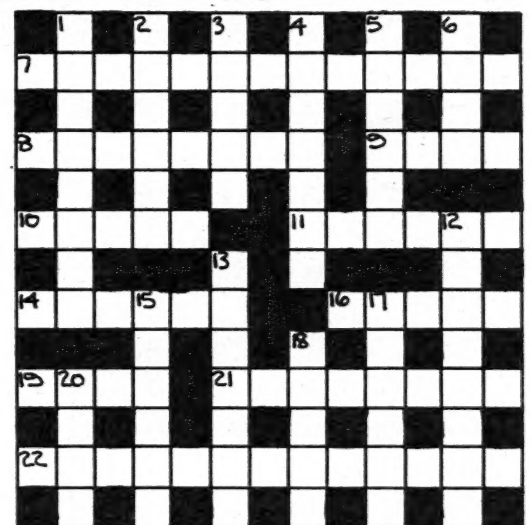
Magnon expects his first-born to be a boy and orders all inner planets to be painted blue. He is stunned when Carola gives birth to a girl. NOW READ ON...



CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

ACROSS

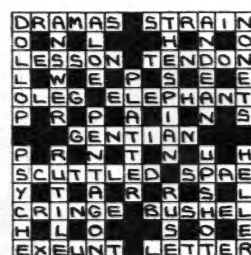
- Poultry eaten by the factory worker which has the same value as a brace in the shrub (4, 2, 3, 4).
- The inhabitant of a South American country goes through you against Fleming (8).
- Tires cigarettes (4).
- Control the beast! (5).
- Reduce by subtracting a printer's measure (6).
- Donkey mixes an alcoholic drink like a signal to allot (6).
- Text of land (5).
- City of the Chaldees reversed in two directions for ladders (4).
- Dram o'sap might help the motorist (4, 4).
- Quite defunct Dada shoed Dot (4, 2, 3, 4).



Solution will be published next week

DOWN

- Sounds like the insect I soften at the Armidale school to get caps for ecclesiastical gentlemen (8).
- Cite as proof what the cow chews up in the soft drink (6).
- I see an insect in a grotesque posture (5).
- Front of a mixed limb in an out-of-date hair-cut (7).
- Moves new devices (6).
- Petrol goes up with a direction for navigational hazard (4).
- Mischievous adventure with a deep sac (8).
- Strip rends us (7).
- Diana goes up through a confused trigonometrical term (6).
- Mum Rush, though confused put it together again (6).
- The French and English machine (5).
- Titles usually conferred on Royal relations beheaded for musical instruments (sl) (4).



Solution of last week's crossword

ROTHMANS

the greatest name
in cigarettes

WORLD FAMOUS FOR QUALITY SINCE 1890.

